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# H Y M N S

FOR

## PROTRACTED MEETINGS.

BY A

P A S T O R.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1842.

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# H Y M N S.

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## REVIVAL.

1

11s.

- 1 WHY sleep we, my brethren? come, let us  
arise,  
O, why should we slumber in sight of the  
prize?  
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,  
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.
- 2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,  
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;  
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,  
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 3 O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;  
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;  
To accomplish their object no means are un-  
tried,  
The careless they comfort, the wakeful mis-  
guide.

4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was  
done

To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son!

Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,  
Now God can be honour'd, and sinners be  
saved.

5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so  
near,

And sinners are sinking to endless despair?

Now prayer may avail, and they gain the  
high prize,

Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

6 O, how can ye slumber! ye sinners, look  
round,

Before the last trumpet your hearts shall con-  
found;

O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day;

While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

---

2

11s.

1 YE careless professors, who rest on your lees,  
Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit and  
ease,

Now God says, 'Arise and escape for your  
life,

And look not behind you—remember Lot's  
wife.'

- 2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive;  
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe;  
While dangers are pending, escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife.
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray,  
And tell you no dangers are found in the way;  
He means to deceive you, escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife.
- 4 How many poor souls has the serpent beguiled,  
With specious temptations how many defiled!  
Then be not deluded, escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife.
- 5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford,  
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;  
Forsake then the world, and escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—remember Lot's wife.
- 6 But if you determine the call to refuse,  
And venture the way of destruction to choose,  
For hell you must part with the blessing of life,  
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's wife.

## 3

## C. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,  
The spices yield their rich perfumes;  
The lilies grow and thrive;  
Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
From Jesus flow to every vine,  
And make the dead revive.
- 2 This makes the dry and barren ground,  
In springs of water to abound,  
And fruitful soil become;  
The desert blossoms like the rose,  
When Jesus conquers all his foes,  
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is;  
Come, taste and see the pardon free  
To all mankind, as well as me;  
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find  
A Saviour pitiful and kind,  
Who will all them relieve:  
None are too late if they repent;  
Out of one sinner legions went,  
Jesus did him receive.
- 5 Come brethren, you that love the Lord,  
Who taste the sweetness of his word,  
In Jesus' ways go on;



Our trouble and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,  
It issues from the shining throne,  
From Jesus' throne on high;  
It comes like floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to reign above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We'll drink a full supply;  
Jesus will lead his armies through,  
To living fountains where they flow,  
That never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,  
And make the upper regions ring,  
When all the saints get home;  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
Soon we shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.

---

4

8 & 7.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,  
Come and bid our jarring cease;  
Come, O come! and reign forever,  
God of love, and Prince of Peace:

Visit now, poor, bleeding Zion,  
Hear thy people mourn and weep;  
Day and night thy lambs are crying,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,  
Some for Cephas—none agree;  
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;  
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;  
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,  
Over every hindrance leap;  
Not upheld by force or numbers,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,  
We've been sinners from our youth;  
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,  
Which shall teach us all thy truth.  
On thy gospel word we'll venture,  
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,  
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,  
O! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,  
Persecution rages here—  
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,  
While our Shepherd is so near.  
Glory, glory be to Jesus,  
At his name our hearts do leap;  
He both comforts us and frees us,  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

- 5 Hear the Prince of our salvation  
Saying, "Fear not, little flock;  
I, myself, am your Foundation,  
You are built upon this Rock:  
Shun the paths of vice and folly,  
Scale the mount, although it's steep;  
Look to me and be ye holy;  
I delight to feed my sheep."
- 6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,  
Taught by him, we'll own his name;  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!  
How it doth our souls inflame!  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Give him glory, he will keep,  
He will clear our way before us,  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.
- 

5

5 &amp; 6.

- 1 YE servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad,  
His wonderful name;  
The name all victorious  
Of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save;

And still he is nigh,  
His presence we have:  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,  
Who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son;  
Our Jesus's praises  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,  
And give him his right;  
All glory and power,  
And wisdom and might;  
All honour and blessing,  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.

---

6

## 11s.

1 WHILE mercy invites you, while Jesus is  
near,  
Awake from your slumbers, ye sinners, and  
hear.

- 2 Salvation is offer'd, accept it to-day,  
O, quench not the Spirit, nor grieve him away.
  - 3 The love that now urges, if once it depart,  
May never return to thy grief-broken heart.
  - 4 While mercy invites you, while Jesus is near,  
Awake from your slumbers, ye sinners, and  
hear.
- 

7

8, 8, 6.

- 1 THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear!  
And while salvation lingers near,  
The heavenly call obey:  
Flee from destruction's downward path,  
Flee from the threatening storm of wrath  
That rises o'er thy way.
- 2 Soon night comes on with thickening shade,  
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,  
The winds their fury pour;  
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,  
The thunders roar, the flames arise,  
What terrors fill that hour!
- 3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,  
Whose accents linger on thine ear;  
Thy footsteps now retrace:  
Renounce thy sins and be forgiven,  
Believe, become an heir of heaven,  
And sing redeeming grace.

- 4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,  
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,  
The heavens are all serene;  
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,  
Joy echoes on the distant hills,  
New wonders fill the scene.
- 

S

L. M. D.

- 1 HARK! don't you hear the turtle dove,  
A token of redeeming love?  
From hill to hill we hear the sound  
The neighbouring valleys echo round.  
O! Zion, hear the turtle dove,  
A token of redeeming love,  
They've come those barren lands to cheer,  
And welcome in the jubilee year.
- 2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,  
We feel the chilling winds no more;  
Sweet spring has come, and summer too,  
All things appear divinely new.  
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,  
The resurrection's drawing nigh:  
Behold the nations from abroad  
Are flocking to the mount of God.
- 3 The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,  
O! sinner turn—why will you die?  
How can you stand the gospel charms?  
Come, list with Christ, gird on your arms.

These are the days that were foretold  
In ancient times, by prophets old;  
They long'd to see this glorious light,  
But all have died without a sight.

- 4 The latter days have now come on,  
And fugitives are marching home;  
Behold, the nations from abroad  
Are flocking to the mount of God.  
O yes, and I will join the band,  
Here is my heart and here's my hand;  
With Satan's bands no more I'll be,  
But fight for Christ and liberty.
- 5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,  
And he will come to judge the world;  
On Zion's mountain we shall stand  
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land.  
The sun and moon shall darken'd be,  
And flames consume the land and sea;  
While worlds on worlds together blaze,  
We'll shout our great Redeemer's praise.
- 

## 9

- 1 HEAR the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation;  
Published to every creature  
Of the ruin'd sons of nature,  
Jesus reigns!  
He reigns victorious,  
Over heaven and earth most glorious,  
Jesus reigns!

2 See the royal banner flying,  
Hear the standard-bearers crying,  
'Rebel sinners, royal favour  
Now is offered by the Saviour.'  
Jesus reigns! &c.

3 'Twas for you that Jesus died,  
And for you was crucified:  
Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,  
Life eternal through him given:  
Jesus reigns! &c.

4 For this love, let rocks and mountains,  
Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,  
Shout the great Messiah's praises:  
Jesus reigns! &c.

5 Here is wine, and milk, and honey;  
Come, and purchase without money.  
Mercies flowing like a fountain,  
Streaming from the holy mountain:  
Jesus reigns! &c.

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**10****L. M.**

- 1 GREAT Lord, of all thy churches, hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;  
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise  
Like fragrant incense to the skies!
- 2 Revive thy churches with thy grace,  
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;



Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame  
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

- 3 May young and old thy word receive,  
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,  
The wounded conscience healing find,  
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
  - 4 May aged saints, matured with grace,  
Abound in fruits of holiness;  
And, when transplanted to the skies,  
May younger in their stead arise.
  - 5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,  
And, weeping, sow the seeds of praise,  
In humble hope that thou wilt hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.
- 

**11****L. M.**

- 1 LET Zion from the dust arise,  
And in her brightest beauty shine;  
Jesus descending from the skies,  
Shall fill his church with joys divine.
- 2 In gloomy darkness, long she lay,  
Deprest with cares and griefs unknown:  
But now behold a glorious day  
Of gospel light begins to dawn.
- 3 Put off, ye saints, your mourning dress,  
And hail the long expected morn;  
Let robes of joy and righteousness  
The happy spouse of Christ adorn.

- 4 On you his glory shall be seen;  
Your love, your zeal, and pious care,  
Shall witness to the sons of men  
That God, with all his grace, is here.
- 5 Sinners shall flock to Zion's gate,  
And know the gospel's joyful sound,  
Peace shall confirm your happy state,  
And truth and holiness abound.
- 

**12**

C. M.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust,  
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Say to the south—'Give up thy charge,  
And keep not back, O north.'
- 4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
And God his works destroy,

With songs thy ransomed shall return,  
And everlasting joy.

---

**13**

7s.

- 1 HARK the song of jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.  
Hallelujah, for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah, let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies.  
See Jehovah's banners furled,  
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done!  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away.  
Then the end—beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah, Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

**14**

C. M.

- 1 BY whom shall Jacob now arise?  
For Jacob's friends are few:  
And, what should fill us with surprise,  
They seem divided too.
  - 2 By whom shall Jacob now arise?  
For Jacob's foes are strong,  
I read their triumph in their eyes,  
They think he'll fall ere long.
  - 3 By whom shall Jacob now arise?  
Can any tell by whom?  
Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies,  
Again revive and bloom?
  - 4 Lord, thou canst tell—the work is thine,  
The help of man is vain—  
On Jacob now arise and shine,  
And he shall live again.
- 

**15**

L. M.

- 1 BLEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn  
Of those who hate and mock our praise;  
Pity their state and make them turn,  
No more to walk in sinful ways.
- 2 Anxious we see their wretched state,  
Who never think of heaven or hell;  
They laugh and sport, and court the gate  
Which opes where endless terrors dwell.

- 3 Lead them to view a sinful heart,  
A soul all enmity to thee,  
Destroy'd, defil'd in every part,  
Too proud to bow, too blind to see.
  - 4 Lead them to view a holy law,  
Which justly dooms to endless death,  
To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,  
And pray'd "Forgive," with dying breath.
  - 5 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,  
To hear condemning justice sound;  
Lord, change their hearts, and then their tears  
Will witness grief to all around.
  - 6 Once we were blind, like them we strove,  
Till sov'reign mercy chang'd our ways;  
Lord, bow their wills, and make them love,  
Then they will join our songs of praise.
- 

**16**

S. M.

- 1 THE day is drawing nigh,  
Still brighter far than this,  
When converts like a cloud shall fly  
To seek the realms of bliss.
- 2 What rapturous scenes of joy  
Shall burst upon our sight,  
When sinners up to Zion's hill  
Like doves shall speed their flight.
- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,  
O Sun of Righteousness,

These happy souls shall sit and sing  
The wonders of thy grace.

---

**17**

7s.

- 1 SAW ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as the human hand!  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!
  - 2 Lo, the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the blessings of his love.
  - 3 When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day;  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its wid'ning way.
  - 4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;  
He the door hath opened wide;  
He hath given the word of grace;  
Jesus' word is glorified.
- 

**18**

L. M.

- 1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,  
And wait the smilings of thy face,  
Assemble round thy mercy seat,  
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,  
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;

And feel some animating hope,  
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,  
That his dominion shall extend,  
Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,  
And ev'ry knee before him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear,  
The time to favour Zion come;  
And bless the men who labour here  
To call thy banished people home.

---

**19**

L. P. M.

1 WITH rev'rend awe, tremendous Lord,  
We hear the thunders of thy word;  
The pride of Lebanon it breaks,  
Swift the celestial fire descends,  
The flinty rocks in pieces rends,  
And earth to its deep centre shakes.

2 Arrayed in majesty divine,  
Here sanctity and justice shine,  
And horror strikes the rebel through;  
While loud this awful voice makes known  
The wonders which thy sword hath done,  
And what thy vengeance yet shall do.

3 So spread the honours of thy name;  
The terrors of a God proclaim;  
Thick let the pointed arrows fly;

Till sinners, humbled in the dust,  
Shall own the execution just,  
And bless the hand by which they die.

- 4 Then clear the dark tempestuous day,  
And radiant beams of love display,  
Each prostrate soul let mercy raise  
So shall the bleeding captives feel,  
Thy word, that gave the wound, can heal,  
And change their notes to songs of praise.
- 

**20**

S. M.

- 1 YE sons of earth, arise!  
Ye creatures of a day!  
Redeem the time—be bold—be wise,  
And cast your bonds away.
- 2 The year of gospel grace,  
With us rejoice to see;  
And thankfully in Christ embrace  
Your proffered liberty.
- 3 Blest Saviour—Lord of all!  
Thee help us to receive;  
Obedient to thy gracious call,  
Oh bid us turn and live!
- 4 Our former years misspent,  
Now let us deeply mourn;  
And, softened by thy grace, repent,  
And to thine arms return!



**21**

S. M.

- 1 MY former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins;  
I feel, alas! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
"Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see—or think I see,  
A glimmering from afar;  
A beam of day, that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,  
It marks the pilgrim's way;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

**22**

L. M.

- 1 AMID displays of wrath and love,  
What stubborn creatures, Lord, are we!  
No relish for the joys of heaven,  
No dread of endless misery.

- 2 With what a base contempt we treat  
Thy threat'nings and thy promises!  
Duty neglect—and mercy slight,  
Nor fear to sin—nor seek to please.
- 3 Could angels weep—for us they'd mourn:  
Break, then, these flinty hearts, O God!  
Sure we must melt beneath thy grace,  
Or feel the terrors of thy rod.
- 

**23**

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!  
We all, like sheep astray,  
In folly, from thy paths have turned,  
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act  
Through all our lives abound;  
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,  
No health in us is found.
- 3 Oh spare us, Lord!—in mercy spare!  
Our contrite souls restore,  
Through him who suffered on the cross,  
And man's transgressions bore.
- 4 And grant, O Father! for his sake  
That we, through all our days,  
A just and godly life may lead,  
To thine eternal praise.

**24**

7s.

- 1 GOD of mercy!—God of grace!  
Hear our sad, repentant songs,  
Oh restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou, to whom our praise belongs!
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted—time misspent;  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent;—
- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain,  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These—and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief, and shame, we own;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne!
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace!  
Hear our sad, repentant songs,  
Oh restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

**25**

P. M.

- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing  
Flow joyfully along?  
When hill and valley, ringing  
With one triumphant song,

Proclaim the contest ended,  
And HIM who once was slain,  
Again to earth descended,  
In righteousness to reign?

- 2 Then from the craggy mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly;  
And shady vales and fountains  
Shall echo the reply:  
High tower and lowly dwelling  
Shall send the chorus round,  
All hallelujah swelling  
In one eternal sound!
- 

## 26

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!  
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,  
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;  
Vain were their steeds and chariots of war.

- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,  
Extolled with the heart and the timbrel  
should be;  
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,  
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.
- 

**27**

8, 7 &amp; 4.

- 1 NOW these solemn days are ending,  
All their glowing hopes are o'er;  
Now the final hour is spending—  
We shall see their joys no more;  
Days of gladness—  
We shall see their joys no more.
- 2 Oft the tidings of salvation  
Have been pressed upon our ears;  
Who has heard the invitation;  
Who in sinning perseveres?  
Who, rebellious,  
Still in sinning perseveres?
- 3 Sinner, o'er thy hardness weeping,  
To the Saviour thou must go—  
Never resting, never sleeping,  
Till the peaceful breezes blow—  
Never resting  
Till the peaceful breezes blow.

4 Thoughtless ones, while ye, departing,  
Hasten from these scenes away,  
Let your spirits, onward darting,  
See another parting day;  
Fast approaching  
See another parting day.

5 While the contrite, while the lowly,  
Rise where matchless glories glow;  
Ye, who choose to be unholy,  
Must depart to endless wo.  
Ye unholy  
Must depart to endless wo.

6 Each one in this congregation,  
Then must go to heaven or hell—  
Pains unknown or sweet salvation—  
There forevermore to dwell;  
None escaping,  
There forevermore to dwell.

---

**28****7s.**

- 1 FOUNT of everlasting love!  
Rich thy streams of mercy are,  
Flowing purely from above;  
Beauty marks their course afar.
- 2 Lo! thy church, thy garden now,  
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower;  
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow;  
Mild, yet mighty is thy power.

- 3 God of grace! before thy throne,  
Here our warmest thanks we bring;  
Thine the glory, thine alone;  
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
- 5 Hear, O hear our grateful song;  
Let thy spirit still descend:  
Roll the tide of grace along,  
Widening, deepening to the end.
- 

**29.****P. M.**

- 1 **THE** voice of free grace  
Cries escape to the mountain;  
For Adam's lost race  
Christ has opened a fountain.  
For sin and uncleanness,  
And every pollution,  
His blood flows with freeness,  
In streams of ablution.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb  
Who hath purchased our pardon,  
We'll praise him again  
When we pass over Jordan.
- 2 Salvation here flows  
In the streams of rich blessing;  
Love conquers its foes,  
And the cross is possessing  
The trophies resplendent  
Of blood-bought Redemption:—

On Christ all dependent,  
 From death full exemption.  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb  
 Who hath purchased our pardon;  
 We'll praise him again  
 When we pass over Jordan.

- 3 Zion now echoes  
 With glad acclamations;  
 Hosanna, Hosanna!  
 Resounds through the nations;  
 Our hearts beat symphonious;—  
 Responsive devotion  
 Sings Jesus victorious  
 O'er the land and the ocean.  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 

30

P. M.

- 1 MORN of Zion's glory,  
 Brightly thou art breaking,  
 Holy joys, thy light is waking;  
 Morn of Zion's glory,  
 Ancient saints foretold thee,  
 Seraph angels glad behold thee;  
 See them glide,  
 Far and wide,  
 Streams of rich salvation,  
 Flow to ev'ry nation.
- 2 Morn of Zion's glory,  
 Ev'ry human dwelling,  
 With thy notes of joy is swelling;



Morn of Zion's glory,  
 Distant hills are ringing,  
 Echoed voices sweet are singing;  
     Haste thee on,  
     Like the sun,  
 Paths of splendor tracing,  
 Heathen midnight chasing.

- 3 Morn of Zion's glory,  
 Now the night is riven,  
 Now the star is high in heaven ;  
 Morn of Zion's glory,  
 Joyful hearts are bounding,  
 Hallelujahs now are sounding ;  
     Peace with men  
     Dwells again;  
 Jesus reigns forever !  
 Jesus reigns forever.
- 

## PRAYER.

**31**

C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
     Uttered or unexpressed;  
 The motion of a hidden fire,  
     That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
     The falling of a tear;  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
     When none but God is near.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christain's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watch-word at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind;  
While with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 [Nor prayer is made on earth alone;  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For mourners intercedes.]
- 8 O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way!  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:  
Lord, teach us how to pray!
- 

- 1 O for one celestial ray  
From the shining seats of day!

Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.

- 2 Distant from thy blest abode,  
Far from glory, far from God,  
Now and then we breathe a sigh  
Upwards to our native sky.
  - 3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;  
Love, and joy, and peace inspire;  
Make us feel thy grace within;  
Thou canst break the power of sin.
  - 4 Give, O give us wings to rise  
In affection to the skies!  
Liberty and joy divine,  
Sun of Righteousness, are thine.
- 

**33**

7s. SIX LINES.

- 1 SAVED ourselves by Jesus' blood,  
Let us now draw nigh to God;  
Many round us blindly stray;  
Moved with pity, let us pray—  
Pray that they who now are blind  
Soon the way of truth may find.
- 2 Lord awaken all around,  
Let them know the joyful sound;  
Slaves to Satan heretofore,  
Let them now be slaves no more;  
Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,  
Set the captive sinner free!

- 3 Glorious things of thee are told,  
What thine arm has wrought of old:  
Thousands once its power confessed;  
Oh, for seasons like the past!  
Lord, revive the former days—  
Thine the power, and thine the praise.
- 

**34**

L. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest! let our prayer  
Like incense come before thy face;  
Behold our Intercessor there,  
The pledge and surety of thy grace.
- 2 Amidst us Lord, thy work revive,  
Let thy Almighty power be known;  
Oh, bid these dying sinners live—  
The stubborn bow before thy throne!
- 3 Deep fix conviction, like a dart  
In the galled conscience, ne'er to move  
Till thou hast won the rebel's heart,  
Surrendered all to grief and love.
- 4 Conduct the doubtful to thy feet,  
And make the trembling soul rejoice;  
Let crowds around thy table sit,  
And bless thy name with cheerful voice.
- 

**35**

8. 7.—7. 7.

- 1 WE were lost, but God has found us,  
God, who seeks and saves the lost;

Let us pray for those around us,  
Thousands by the world engrossed;  
Though they seem from God to fly,  
God has power to bring them nigh.

2 Lord, behold the sinner wandering,  
Far from thee, and far from peace,  
All his precious substance squandering  
In pursuit of earthly bliss:  
Show him, Lord, that none can be  
Truly blessed till brought to thee!

3 Let thy word go forth with power,  
Spread abroad 'the joyful sound,'  
Oh! our light, our strength and tower,  
Make thy glory known around;  
Let the truth's resistless force  
Stop the sinner in his course.

5 Of their Master's honour jealous,  
Let thy people plead thy cause;  
In thy service bold and zealous,  
Let them scorn the world's applause;  
Whether men approve or blame,  
Let them own thy glorious name.

---

**36****L. M.**

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all thy plentitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness at thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O spirit of the Lord! prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet;  
Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 God from eternity hath willed  
All flesh shall his salvation see;  
So be the Father's love fulfilled,  
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro' Thee.

---

**37****L. M.**

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid!  
Come, visit every waiting mind;  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples meet for thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete;  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire!  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;

- Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us, while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold energy,  
Thou strength of his almighty hand,  
Whose power doth heaven and earth command;  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Subject the senses to the soul.
- 4 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe.
- 

38

7s.

- 1 JESUS is gone up on high:  
But his promise still is here,  
'I will all your wants supply;  
I will send the Comforter.'
- 2 Let us now his promise plead,  
Let us to his throne draw nigh;  
Jesus knows his people's need—  
Jesus hears his people cry.
- 3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter;  
Pledge and witness of thy love;  
Dwelling with thy people here,  
Leading them to joys above.

- 4 Till we reach the promised rest,  
Till thy face unveiled we see,  
Of this blessed hope possessed,  
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.
- 

**39**

7s.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father! God of love!  
Look with mercy from above;  
Let thy streams of comfort roll,  
Let them fill and cheer my soul.
- 2 Love celestial, ardent fire!  
O extreme of sweet desire!  
Spread thy bright, thy gentle flame,  
Swift o'er all my mental frame.
- 3 Sweet affections flow from hence,  
Sweet above the joys of sense;  
Let me thus for ever be  
Full of gladness, full of thee.
- 

**40**

L. M.

- 1 LORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove  
Amid the wonders of thy love;  
The sight revives my drooping heart,  
And bids invading fears depart.
- 2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,  
On thy atoning blood rely,  
And on thy righteousness depend,  
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.



- 3 Be all my heart, be all my days,  
Devoted to thy single praise!  
And let my glad obedience prove  
How much I owe, how much I love.
- 

**41**

7s.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,  
Glorify thyself in me;  
Meekly beaming in my face,  
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,  
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;  
Fix my thoughts on things above,  
Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned  
To thy will—thy will be done!  
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path he trod,  
Die with Jesus on the cross,  
Rise with him to thee my God.
- 

**42**

8s. SIX LINES.

- 1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,

My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee;  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold;  
Art thou the man who died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold;  
Wrestling I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

3 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long,  
I rise superior to my pain,  
When I am weak, then I am strong:  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

4 Yield to me now—for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer!  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if thy name be love.

5 'Tis love, 'tis love! Thou diedst for me:  
I hear thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
Pure, universal love thou art:  
To me, to all, thy bowels move,  
Thy nature and thy name is love.

- 6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;  
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
But stay, and love me to the end.  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy nature and thy name is love.
- 

43

S. M.

- 1 THOU Lord of all above,  
And all below the sky,  
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,  
And for thy mercy cry.
- 2 Forgive my follies past,  
The crimes which I have done;  
Oh bid a contrite sinner live,  
Through thine incarnate Son.
- 3 Guilt, like a heavy load,  
Upon my conscience lies;  
To thee I make my sorrows known,  
And lift my weeping eyes.
- 4 The burthen which I feel,  
Thou only canst remove;  
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,  
And thine unbounded love.
- 5 One gracious look of thine,  
Will ease my troubled breast:  
Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,  
And I shall then be blest.

## 44

## L. M.

- 1 AND dost thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt?'  
Lord, I would seize the golden hour—  
I pray to be released from guilt,  
And freed from sin's polluting power.
  - 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;  
More of thine image let me bear:  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.
  - 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,  
And from thy joy to draw my strength;  
Oh be thy boundless love revealed  
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
  - 4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign:  
Sick, or in health—or rich, or poor,  
All shall be well, if thou art mine.
- 

## 45

## S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!  
The promise calls me near;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love,  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.

- 3 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,  
And wilt my portion be,  
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,  
And find my heaven in thee.
- 

## 46

7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, who thee receive,  
Who in thee desire to live,  
Day and night they cry to thee,  
'As thou art, so let us be!'
- 2 'Fix—oh fix our wavering mind!  
To thy cross our spirits bind:  
Gladly now we would be clean,  
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of guilt and misery;  
Thine we are, thou Son of God;  
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Sinners who in thee believe  
Everlasting life receive;  
They with joy behold thy face,  
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

47

L. M.

- 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!  
Come—fix thy mansion in my breast,  
Dispel my doubts—my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.
  - 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,  
Come, make your constant dwelling here;  
Still let your presence cheer my heart,  
Nor sin compel you to depart.
  - 3 O God of hope and peace divine,  
Make thou these sacred pleasures mine!  
Forgive my sins—my fears remove,  
And fill my heart with joy and love.
- 

48

C. M.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Thou through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace:  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

- 4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
Our portion evermore.
- 

49

S. M.

- 1 MOST gracious God, reveal  
Thy will concerning me;  
Whate'er I do—whate'er I feel  
I follow thy decree.
- 2 The counsels of thy love  
Be on my heart impressed;  
It then shall at thy bidding move,  
And at thy bidding rest.
- 3 While thou my leader art,  
And mak'st me thine abode,  
I find the witness in my heart,  
That I am born of God.
- 4 FATHER, thy will be done!  
To thee I all resign;  
The sole disposer of thine own,  
Dispose of me and mine.
- 5 At thy command—I go,  
Or quietly attend,

Till all my care and toil below  
In rest eternal end.

---

**50**

L. M.

- 1 **THAT** day of wrath! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—
  - 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
And louder yet—and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
  - 3 Oh! on that day—that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be **THOU**, O Christ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
- 

**51**

7s.

- 1 **COME**, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He himself has bid thee pray;  
Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burthen I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast,



Thou thy sovereign right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

---

52

C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed;  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may, my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, 'thou hast died.'
- 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame;  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 'Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,  
My promised grace receive;  
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,  
I can, I do believe.

**53**

S. M.

- 1 COME all who love to pray,  
On Jesus cast your care;  
And every praying soul shall find  
He loves to answer prayer.
- 2 See how he looks and smiles,  
From yonder shining throne;  
Pleased, he attends your every prayer,  
And sends rich blessings down!
- 3 Ye hungering, thirsting souls,  
O pray, and never faint;  
Fresh scenes of love our Lord displays  
To every praying saint.
- 4 And whither should we go  
But to a throne of grace?  
For there we prove celestial joys,  
And find substantial peace.
- 5 Lord, from thy throne behold  
Thy saints assembled here,  
Whose hearts ascend with warm desire  
To feel thy presence near.

---

**54**

L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
  - 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far—by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy seat.
  - 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—  
Or how the host of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?
  - 5 There! *there* on eagle wing we soar  
And sin and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
  - 6 O, let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy seat.
- 

55

C. M.

- 1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,  
As such I look to thee;  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
O, Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary;

- Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous advocate with God!  
I yield myself to thee;  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
O, Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free;  
Then, in thy all-bounding grace,  
O, Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature helps all flee,  
Then, O my great Redeemer, God!  
I pray, remember me.
- 

**56**

- 1 GO, watch and pray, thou canst not tell  
How near thine hour may be;  
Thou canst not know how soon the bell  
May toll its notes for thee:  
Death's countless snares beset thy way;  
Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.
- 2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,  
Does thy firm pulse beat high?  
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,  
Dilate before thine eye?

Soon these must change—must pass away;  
Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm  
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;  
With trembling limbs and wasting form,  
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:  
And can vain hope lead *thee* astray?  
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!  
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!  
Behold the caverns dark with death,  
Before you open lie;  
The heavenly warning now obey;  
Ye sons of pride! go, watch and pray.

---

57

C. M.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day,  
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view,  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here, by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.
- 

58

11s.

- 4 TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,  
And go from my home, it affects not my heart;  
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,  
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.
- 2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,  
And woven their branch as a roof o'er my head;  
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,  
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.
- 3 The early, sweet notes of a loved nightingale  
That dwelt in the bower I observed as my bell,  
To call me to duty, while birds in the air  
Sung anthems of praises, as I went to prayer.

- 4 How sweet were the zephyrs, perfumed by  
the pine,  
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine;  
But sweeter, O! sweeter, superlative were  
The joys that I tasted, in answer to prayer.
- 5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned to meet,  
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;  
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,  
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my  
prayer.
- 6 It was under the covert of that pleasant grove,  
Where Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove,  
Presenting himself as the only true way  
Of life and salvation, and learn'd me to pray.
- 7 Although I may never revisit that shade,  
I often shall think on the vows I have made,  
While far at a distance, my mind will repair  
To the place where my Saviour first answer'd  
my prayer.
- 8 Sweet bower! I must leave you, and bid you  
adieu,  
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,  
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere.  
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

---

59

S. M.

- 1 RELIGION'S form is vain,  
While we deny its power!

What will the hypocrite obtain,  
In death's tremendous hour?

2 Now he may credit gain,  
And in affluence roll;  
But all his profit will be pain  
When God shall take his soul.

3 Then, O what dread surprise,  
What horror and dismay,  
When death shall open wide his eyes,  
And tear his mask away!

4 Lord, search and know my heart,  
And make my soul sincere;  
And bid hypocrisy depart,  
And keep my conscience clear.

---

**60**

P. M.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love  
We now recall to mind;  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find;  
Think on us who think on thee;  
Every burden'd soul release:  
O, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

2 Through thy blood, by faith applied,  
Let sinners pardon feel;  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal:



By thy passion on the tree,  
Let our griefs and troubles cease;  
O, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

---

**61** C. M.

- 1 LORD, when together here we meet,  
And taste thy heavenly grace,  
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
We're loath to leave the place.
  - 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,  
That we must part again,  
O let thy gracious presence still  
With every soul remain.
  - 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with the cords of love,  
Till we, around thy glorious throne,  
Shall joyous meet above.
- 

**62** C. M.

- 1 MY lovely Jesus, while on earth,  
Arose before 'twas day;  
And to a solitary place  
Departed, there to pray.
- 2 I'll do as did my blessed Lord—  
His foototeps I will trace;  
I love to meet him in the grove,  
And view his smiling face.

- 3 Early I'll rise, and sing, and pray,  
While I the light enjoy;  
May this bless'd work, from day to day,  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 

**63**

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord! remember me!
- 2 When groaning, on my burden'd heart,  
My sins lie heavily,  
My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
In love remember me!
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee;  
O give me strength, Lord! as my day;  
For good remember me!
- 4 Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,  
Hear, and remember me!
- 5 If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be;  
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If thou remember me!
- 6 The hour is near—consign'd to death,  
I own the just decree:

Saviour! with my last parting breath,  
I'll cry—Remember me!

---

**64****P. M.**

- 1 **DISTANT**, Lord, from thine abode,  
Far from glory, far from God;  
Now and then we breathe a sigh,  
Upwards to our native sky.  
O for one celestial ray!  
From the shining seats of day,  
Sun of Righteousness! arise,  
Warm our hearts and charm our eyes,
  - 2 Melt our chains with heavenly fire,  
Love and joy, and peace, inspire;  
Make us feel thy grace within,  
Free us from the power of sin.  
Give, O give us wings to rise,  
In affection to the skies,  
Liberty, and joy divine,  
Sun of righteousness, are thine.
- 

**65****C. M.**

- 1 **WHILE** thee I seek, protecting power!  
Be my vain wishes still'd;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd;  
To thee my thoughts would soar;

Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:—  
That mercy I adore!

- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The lowering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:—  
That heart shall rest on thee!
- 

**66**

P. M.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy Name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious;  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days!

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
    And make them fall!  
Let thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on thee be stay'd;  
    Lord, hear our call!
- 3 Come, thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword—  
    Our prayer attend!  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success,  
Spirit of holiness,  
    On us descend!
- 4 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
    In this glad hour!  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
    Spirit of power!
- 5 To the Great One in Three!  
Eternal praises be  
    Hence—evermore!  
His Sovereign Majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
    Love and adore!

**67**

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
    Contrition's humble sigh;  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
    From sorrow's weeping eye:
  - 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,  
    A wretched wanderer mourn.  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face!  
    Hast thou not said—return?
  - 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
    To drive me from thy feet?  
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,  
    This only safe retreat.
  - 4 Absent from thee, my guide! my light!  
    Without one cheering ray;  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
    How desolate my way!
  - 5 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,  
    With beams of mercy shine!  
And let thy healing voice impart  
    A taste of joys divine.
- 

**68**

8 &amp; 7.

- 1 AS the dew from heaven distilling,  
    Gently on the grass descends,  
And revives it, thus fulfilling  
    What thy holy will intends,—

Let thy word, Lord, ever gracious,  
Thus descending from above,  
Bless'd by thee, prove efficacious  
To fulfil thy work of love.

- 2 Lord, behold this congregation,  
Now thy promises fulfil:  
From thy holy habitation,  
Let the dew of life distill;  
Let our cry come up before thee,  
Shed thine holy spirit round;  
So thy people shall adore thee,  
And confess the joyful sound.
- 

**69**

S. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay,  
Which breaks upon the ear,  
When at the hour of rising day,  
Christians unite in prayer!
- 2 May breezes waft our cries  
Up to Jehovah's throne;  
O Saviour, listen to our sighs,  
And send thy blessing down.
- 

**70**

L. M.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord to thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here;

Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain,  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay,  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

71

L. M.

- 1 FATHER! we bless the gentle care  
That watches o'er us day by day,  
That guards us from the tempter's snare,  
And guides us in the heavenward way:—  
We bless thee for the tender love  
That mingles all our hearts in one,—  
The music of the soul—above  
'Tis purer spirits' unison.
- 2 Father! affection speaks to thee—  
Oh listen to affection's voice,  
And let thy blessing ever be  
Alike in all our woes and joys:—  
And speaks affection not the less  
For absent loved ones far or near,—  
The absent let thy mercy bless  
As us who mingle worship here.
- 3 Father! 'tis evening's solemn hour,  
And cast we now our cares on thee,—



Darkly the storm may round us lower—  
Peace is within—Christ makes us free!—  
And when life's toil and joy are o'er,  
And evening gathers on its sky,  
Our circle broke—we sing no more—  
Oh may we meet and sing on high!

---

**72**

S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear;  
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,  
The night of death draws near.
  - 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,  
Secure from all my fears;  
May angels guard me while I sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
  - 3 And when I early rise,  
To view th' unwearied sun,  
May I set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
  - 4 Lord, when my days are past,  
And I from time remove,  
Oh may I in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.
- 

**73**

C. M.

- 1 WE come at evening's solemn hour,  
Low at thy shrine we bend,

To offer up the heart's warm prayer  
To thee, our Father, Friend.

2 Not high degree or fame we ask,  
Not power of worldly form,  
But power to foil the snares of vice,  
And passion's fitful storm.

3 Oh, like the summer's gentle showers,  
Let thy pure grace descend;  
Be thou our guide, be thou our hope,  
Our Father, and our Friend.

4 And let thy hand protect us here;  
Be with us where we stay;  
Guide, guard us through life's narrow path;  
Help us in death's dark way.

---

**74**

7s. SIX LINES.

1 'T is the hour when silent thought  
Cometh with my follies fraught;  
And my soul within me dies;  
Yet to heaven I lift mine eyes,  
Sighing, as I bow to thee—  
Jesus! Saviour, pity me!

2 Pity Lord! by all the wo  
Thou, thyself, didst bear below;  
Pity, Lord, the child of dust—  
Free, from each deceiving lust,  
Him, who sorrowing cries to thee—  
Jesus! Saviour, pity me!

- 3 From thy flock, a straying lamb,  
Tender Shepherd, though I am;  
Now upon the mountain cold,  
Lost, I long to gain the fold,  
And within thine arms to be;—  
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
- 4 Oh! where stillest streams are poured,  
In green pastures, lead me, Lord!  
Bring me back, where angels sound  
Joy to the poor wanderer found—  
Evermore my Shepherd be;—  
Jesus! Saviour, pity me!
- 

75

S. M.

- 1 THOU God of sovereign grace,  
In mercy now appear,  
We long to see thy smiling face,  
And feel that thou art near.
- 2 Thy presence grant to-day,  
O Shepherd of thy flock!  
And wash the stains of guilt away  
Beside the smitten rock.
- 3 Thy saving health impart,  
O Comforter divine;  
Surrender'd be our ev'ry heart,  
Make us entirely thine.
- 4 To-day in love descend,  
Oh come this precious hour;
- 5

In mercy now our spirits bend,  
By thy resistless power.

---

**76****7 & 6.**

- 1 GO when the morning shineth,  
Go when the moon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Cast earthly thought away;  
And, in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee,  
Pray too for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then, for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition,  
The dear Redeemer's name.
- 3 Oh, not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,  
The power that he hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer:  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall;  
Remember in thy gladness,  
His grace who gave thee all.

77

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness! descend,  
Thy people wait for thee;  
Thy ear in kind compassion lend,  
Let us thy merey see!
- 2 Behold thy weary churches wait,  
With wishful, longing eyes—  
Let us no more lie desolate;  
Oh, bid thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,  
Leads us in hope to thee;  
Let us not feel its rays alone—  
Alone thy people be;
- 4 Oh, bring our dearest friends to God;  
Remember those we love;  
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode,  
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness! 'tis thine  
To hear our feeble prayer;  
Come, for we wait thy power divine,  
Let us thy mercy share.

78

C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer, whose holy stream  
In earnest pleading flows;  
Devotion dwells upon the theme,  
And warm and warmer glows.

- 2 Faith grasps the blessings she desires;  
Hope points the upward gaze;  
And love, celestial love, inspires  
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,  
Heard by no human ear;  
When Jesus makes the heart rejoice,  
And dries the bitter tear.
- 4 Not accents flow, nor words ascend;  
All utterance faileth there;  
But Christian spirits comprehend,  
And God accepts the prayer.
- 

79

8s.

- 1 DEAR Saviour! attend to my prayer,  
That seeks for relief in a sigh;  
Fain would I deposit my care,  
On 'the Rock that is higher than I.'  
My fears and my sorrows abound,  
The storm of affliction runs high,  
And safety alone can be found  
In 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
- 2 My foes have encircled my way;  
Unable to stand or to fly,  
I look with distress and dismay  
To 'the Rock that is higher than I.'

- My sins and transgressions appear,  
 And tell me that vengeance is nigh;  
 Oh hide me from all that I fear,  
 In 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
- 3 Perplexed, overwhelmed, and oppressed,  
 I scarcely can utter a cry;  
 Dear Saviour! come, lead me to rest  
 On 'the Rock that is higher than I.'  
 Then I'll smile in the midst of my woes,  
 And cast a fond look to the sky,  
 And shout with my foot on my foes,  
 To 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
- 

## CHRIST.

80

7s

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows  
 Charm me in Immanuel's name;  
 All her hopes my spirit owes  
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came the angels sung  
 'Glory be to God on high!'  
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;  
 Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,  
 That he might the law fulfil,

Bleed and suffer in my room,—  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are, and weak;  
For, should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak!

5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
Every precious name in one,—  
I will love Thee without end!

---

**81**

C. M.

1 BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts  
O'er all thy graces rove,  
How is my soul in transport lost,  
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes  
Unnumbered blessings see;  
But what is life, with all its bliss,  
If once compared with thee?

3 Hast thou a rival in my breast?  
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell  
If aught can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well.

4 No, thou art precious to my heart,  
My portion and my joy;  
For ever let thy boundless grace  
My sweetest thoughts employ.



- 5 When nature faints—around my bed  
Let thy bright glories shine;  
And death shall all its terrors lose,  
In raptures so divine.
- 

82

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand seraph tongues  
To bless the incarnate Word:  
O for a thousand thankful songs  
In honour of my Lord!
- 2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,  
Ye angels round the throne;  
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,  
Adore the eternal Son.
- 3 Yet ah! how far beneath his feet  
Must faint your noblest lays!  
So high the theme, the notes, though sweet,  
How short of his due praise!
- 4 His grace is known in heaven above;  
His power is felt in hell;  
His saints can ne'er speak half his love,  
Nor fiends his anger tell.
- 5 None but thy wisdom, Lord, hath known,  
None but thyself can trace  
The awful glories of thy throne,  
Or mysteries of thy grace.

## 83

## 8. 7.

- 1 HARK, the notes of angels singing—  
‘Glory, glory to the Lamb!’  
All in heaven their tribute bringing,  
Raising high the Saviour’s name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life is given,  
Sacred themes to you belong:  
Come, assist the choir of heaven:  
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Saints and angels thus united,  
Songs imperfect still must raise;  
Though despised on earth and slighted,  
Jesus is above all praise.
- 4 See, the angelic hosts have crowned him;  
Jesus fills the throne on high:  
Countless myriads hovering round him,  
With his praises rend the sky.
- 5 Filled with holy emulation,  
Let us vie with those above;  
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!  
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 6 Endless life in him possessing,  
Let us praise his precious name:  
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,  
Be for ever to the Lamb.

**84**

11s.

- 1 **HITHER**, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,  
 To Bethlehem haste, the Prince of life to meet;  
 To you, this day, is born a Prince and Saviour.  
 O come, let us worship at his feet.
- 2 Jesus, our Saviour, for such condescension,  
 Our praise and our reverence are an offering meet;  
 Now is the World made flesh, and dwells among us:  
 O come, let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,  
 And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;  
 Give to our Saviour glory in the highest:  
 O come, let us worship at his feet.

**85**

11, 10.

- 1 **HAIL** the blest morn! see the great Mediator,  
 Down from the regions of glory descend!  
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,  
 Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
 Star in the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;  
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the  
stall;  
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,  
Wise men and shepherds before him do  
fall.

Brightest and best, &c.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,  
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from  
the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the  
mine?

Brightest and best, &c.

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold we his favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
Brightest and best, &c.

---

86

C. M.

- 1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
O let the meanest of thy flock  
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 Love, that could bring thy willing feet  
From the blest world on high!

From thy great Father's dear embrace,  
To labour, bleed, and die!

3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe  
To this amazing love;

Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,  
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,  
With sin and grief opprest;  
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,  
And lulls my cares to rest.

5 Nay, should I walk thro' death's dark vale,  
With double horror spread,  
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,  
And guard my drooping head.

6 Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee  
No evil shall I fear;  
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,  
And praise thee better there.

---

87

C. M.

1 THOU Keeper of a lovely flock,  
Thyself far lovelier still,  
Beneath the overshadowing rock  
Thy sheep are safe from ill.

2 There thou at noon dost make them rest,  
Screened from the burning sky,  
Nor dares the wolf, with hunger prest,  
Approach when thou art nigh.

- 3 O may I always hear thy voice,  
Nor ever wander more;  
But in thy constant care rejoice,  
Thy dying love adore.

SS

C. M.

- 1 JESUS! thy love shall we forget;  
And never bring to mind  
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,  
And bade us pardon find?

CHORUS.

Our sorrows and our sins were laid  
On thee—alone on thee:  
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—  
Thine all the glory be.

- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,  
Thy fasting and thy prayer;  
Thy locks with mountain vapours wet,  
To save us from despair?

Our sorrows, &amp;c.

- 3 Gethsemane, can we forget  
The struggling agony—  
When night lay dark on Olivet,  
And none to watch with thee?

Our sorrows, &amp;c.

- 4 Can we the platted crown forget,  
The buffeting and shame;  
When hell thy sinking soul beset,  
And earth reviled thy name?

Our sorrows, &amp;c.

- 5 The nails—the spear—can we forget;  
 The agonizing cry—  
 ‘My God! my Father! wilt thou let  
 Thy Son forsaken die?’  
 Our sorrows, &c.
- 6 Life’s brightest joys we may forget—  
 Our kindred cease to love;  
 But HE, who paid our hopeless debt,  
 Our constancy shall prove.  
 Our sorrows, &c.

## 89

## L. M.

- 1 ‘TIS midnight—and on Olive’s brow  
 The star is dimm’d, that lately shone;  
 ‘Tis midnight—in the garden now  
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 ‘Tis midnight—and from all removed,  
 Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;  
 E’en the disciple that he loves,  
 Heeds not his Master’s griefs and tears.
- 3 ‘Tis midnight—and for others’ guilt  
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt  
 Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 ‘Tis midnight—from the heavenly plains  
 Is borne the song that angels know;  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour’s woe.’

90

P. M.

- 1 THOU soft-flowing Kedron, by thy silver  
stream,  
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's  
pale beam  
Shone bright on the waters, would oftentimes  
stray,  
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day!

CHORUS.

Come saints and adore him, come bow at his  
feet;  
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet!  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
skies!

- 2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his  
head!  
How hard was his pillow! how humble his  
bed!  
The angels astonish'd grew sad at the sight,  
And follow'd their master with solemn delight!

CHORUS.

Come saints, &amp;c.

- 3 O garden of Olivet,—dear, honour'd spot!  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot!  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

CHORUS.

Come saints, &amp;c.



91

P. M.

- 1 FROM Jesse's root, behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the  
skies:  
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
- 2 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!  
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
- 3 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers!  
Prepare the way! a God, a God, appears!  
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply;  
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity!
- 4 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!  
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;  
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
- 5 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor evening moon shall fill her silver horn;  
But in thy courts, THE LIGHT HIMSELF shall  
shine  
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
- 6 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke  
decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains,  
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah  
reigns!

## 92

C. M.

- 1 MESSIAH! at thy glad approach,  
The howling wilds are still;  
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,  
And breathe from every hill.
- 2 The hidden fountains at thy call,  
Their sacred stores unlock;  
Loud in the desert, sudden streams  
Burst living from the rock.
- 3 The incense of the spring ascends  
Upon the morning gale,  
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,  
The lilies in the vale.
- 4 Renew'd the earth a robe of light,  
A robe of beauty wears;  
And in new heavens a brighter sun,  
Leads on the promis'd years.
- 5 The kingdom of Messiah come  
Appointed times disclose;  
And fairer in Immanuel's land  
The new creation glows.
- 6 Let Israel to the prince of peace,  
The loud hosanna sing!  
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,  
O Zion, hail thy King!

## 93

C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
It calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defil'd;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

---

**94**
**P. M.**

- 1 'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,  
That when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home!

- 2 There shall my dis-imprison'd soul,  
Behold him and adore;  
Be with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve, and sin no more.
  - 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh,  
On which my guilt was lain;  
His love intense, his merit fresh,  
As though but newly slain.
  - 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear  
The trumpet's quickening sound;  
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,  
At his right hand be found.
  - 5 These eyes shall see him in that day,  
The God that died for me!  
And all my rising bones shall say,  
Lord, who is like to thee!
  - 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What raptures must the church above,  
In Jesus' presence know!
  - 7 O may the unction of these truths,  
For ever with me stay,  
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
My spirit flies away!
- 

95

L. M.

- 1 TELL me, dear Saviour, tell me why,  
This act of grace—to bleed and die?

- What mighty motive could thee move?  
What motive—but redeeming love!
- 2 Love for the harden'd and the base,  
A careless, unbelieving race;  
Rebels, who all thy grace withstood,  
And trampled under foot thy blood.
- 3 While flinty rocks were rent with dread;  
While opening graves gave up their dead;  
When the fair sun withdrew his light  
And hid his head to shun the sight:
- 4 Then stood the wretch of human race,  
And rais'd his head, and show'd his face;  
Gaz'd unconcern'd, when nature fail'd,  
Scoff'd at thy dying pangs—and rail'd!
- 5 Harder than rocks and mountains are,  
Than senseless earth more senseless far,  
Man view'd unmov'd the flowing stream,  
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him!
- 6 Oh, love of unexampled kind!  
Leaving all mortal thought behind!  
Where length, and breadth, and depth and  
height,  
Are lost to our astonish'd sight!

---

96

L. M.

- 1 HOW wondrous are the works of God,  
Displayed through all the world abroad!  
Immensely great! immensely small!  
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

- 2 He formed the sun, fair fount of light,  
The moon and stars to rule the night:  
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,  
Are little works compared with one.
  - 3 He rolled the seas, and spread the skies;  
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise;  
The meadows clothed with native green,  
And bade the rivers glide between.
  - 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,  
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,  
To wonders man was born to prove,  
The wonders of redeeming love?
  - 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,  
What saints can feel, or angels guess:  
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,  
Fall down, and veil before the Lamb!
  - 6 The highest heavens are short of this;  
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss;  
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,  
Or hope expect, or faith believe.
- 

97

L. P. M.

- 1 O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!  
The Lord of life hath died for me!  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree;  
Th' incarnate God for me hath died,  
The Lord, my love, was crucified.

- 2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,  
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace;  
 Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,  
 And say, was ever grief like his?  
 Come, feel with me his blood applied,  
 The Lord, my love, was crucified.
- 3 Is crucified for you and me,  
 To bring us, rebels, back to God;  
 Salvation now for us is free;  
 His church is purchased with his blood;  
 Pardon and life flow from his side;  
 The Lord, my love, is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
 And gladly catch the healing stream;  
 All things for him account but dross,  
 And give up all our hearts to him;  
 Of nothing speak, or think beside,  
 The Lord, my love, was crucified.

98

7s.

- 1 TO the cross where Jesus dies,  
 Where my Lord resigns his breath,  
 Where affliction veils his eyes,  
 Swimming in the tears of death:  
 Thither bringing all my guilt,  
 From avenging wrath I flee,  
 To the blood of sprinkling spilt—  
 Spilt to let the sinner free.

- 2 'Mid convulsive agonies,  
Peace his quivering lips impart;  
Pardon seal'd by broken sighs  
Issuing from a bursting heart;  
Let me feel this healing power,  
Let this hardened heart of stone,  
Melt beneath this purple shower,  
From his body trickling down.
- 3 On those temples, crown'd with thorns,  
Suffering majesty appears;  
Love that dying face adorns,  
Stained with blood and soiled with tears;  
Pierce the shadows of the heart,  
With the lightning of that eye;  
Smiles of peace to me impart,  
Let me feel, or I must die!
- 

## 99

7s.

- 1 HAIL the day that saw him rise,  
Ravished from our wishful eyes;  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Reascends his native heaven;  
There the pompous triumph waits;  
'Lift your heads eternal gates!  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of glory in!'
- 2 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves;



Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own:  
Still for us he intercedes,  
Prevalent his death he pleads;  
Next himself prepares a place,  
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say,)   
Taken from the world away,  
See thy faithful servants, see,  
Ever gazing up to thee:  
Grant, though parted from our sight,  
High above yon azure height,—  
Grant our souls may thither rise—  
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love;  
Looking when our Lord shall come—  
Looking for a happier home:  
There we shall with thee remain,  
Partners of thy endless reign;  
There thy face unclouded see—  
Find a heaven of heavens in thee.

---

**100****C. M.**

1 O THOU whose justice reigns on high,  
And makes th' oppressor cease,  
Behold how envious sinners try  
To vex and break my peace.

- 2 They wrest my words to mischief still,  
Charge me with unknown faults;  
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,  
And malice all their thoughts.
- 3 The sons of violence and lies  
Join to devour me, Lord;  
But, as my hourly dangers rise,  
My refuge is thy word.
- 4 In God, most holy, just, and true,  
I have reposed my trust;  
Nor will I fear what man can do,  
The offspring of the dust.
- PAUSE.
- 5 God counts the sorrows of his saints,  
Their groans affect his ears;  
Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
A bottle for my tears.
- 6 When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
The wicked fear and flee:  
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,  
So near is God to me.
- 7 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord;  
Thou shalt receive my praise:  
I'll sing how faithful is thy word,  
How righteous are thy ways.
- 8 Thou hast secured my soul from death;  
Oh set thy servant free,  
That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
May be employ'd for thee.

**101**

C. M.

- 1 ATTEND, O Lord, while hosts of foes  
Thy heritage invade;  
Thy Salem has become a heap,  
Thy house a ruin made.
  - 2 Behold us, Lord, a remnant sad,  
Of peace and hope forlorn!  
Of every mouth the vile reproach,  
Of every eye the scorn.
  - 3 How long shall thy fierce anger burn?  
How long delay thy grace?  
How long thy hapless children mourn  
The hidings of thy face?
  - 4 Help, Lord of Hosts, for Jesus' sake,  
The glory of thy name!  
Cleanse us from guilt, our hearts renew,  
And wipe away our shame.
  - 5 Arise, O God, and let thy hand  
In awful glory shine:  
Then shall our haughty raging foes  
Confess thy name divine.
- 

**102**

L. M.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep:

- 2 Thy church is in the desert now;  
Shine from on high, and guide us through:  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How long shall we lament and pray,  
And wait in vain thy kind return?  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
- 4 Instead of cheerful wine and bread,  
The saints with their own tears are fed:  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

## PAUSE.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hand  
This lovely vine within thy land?  
Did not thy power defend it round,  
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?
- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
Filling the land with precious fruit!  
But now, O Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine in sad decay.
- 7 Why is its beauty thus defaced?  
Why are its fences thus laid waste?  
Strangers and foes against it join,  
And beasts of prey devour the vine.
- 8 Return, Almighty God, return,  
Nor longer let thy vineyard mourn:  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

**103**

8's.

- 1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord,  
In God our salvation rejoice;  
In psalms of thanksgiving record  
His praise, with one spirit and voice:  
Jehovah is God, and he reigns  
The God of all gods on his throne;  
The strength of the hills he maintains:  
The ends of the earth are his own.
- 2 O come, let us worship and kneel  
Before our Creator, our God,  
The people who serve him with zeal,  
The sheep who his pastures have trod:  
To him let us hearken to-day,—  
The voice that yet speaks from above,—  
And all his commandments obey,  
For he that ordain'd them is love.
- 

## SINNER.

**104**

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door,  
He gently knocks—has knock'd before  
Has waited long; is waiting still:  
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 [But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will—the very friend you need;

The man of Nazareth, 'tis he,  
With garments dyed at Calvary.]

- 3 Admit him, ere his anger burn,  
Lest he depart, and ne'er return;  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,  
When at his door denied you'll stand.
- 4 Admit him, for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:  
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,  
With whom he condescends to dwell.
- 4 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—  
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign,  
To reign with universal sway:  
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.
- 5 Sovereign of souls? thou Prince of Peace!  
Oh, may thy gentle reign increase!  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind  
And be his empire, all mankind.

---

**105****L. M.**

- 1 SINNERS, obey the Gospel word!  
Haste to the supper of the Lord!  
Be wise to know your gracious day!  
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kiss his late returning son:  
Ready the loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,  
E'en now the stony heart to move:  
To apply and witness with the blood,  
And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate:  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 

## 106

## L. M.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares?  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?  
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue:  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart:  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.

**107**

8, 7 &amp; 4.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,  
Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls;  
Hear, O sinner!—  
'Tis the voice of mercy calls
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering  
O'er the path you dare to tread;  
Hark! the awful thunders rolling  
Loud, and louder o'er your head;—  
Turn, O sinner!—  
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,  
Seek his mercy while you may;  
Soon the day of grace is over;  
Soon your life will pass away;  
Haste, O sinner!—  
You must perish—if you stay.
- 

**108**

- 1 SINNER come  
Mid thy gloom,  
All thy guilt confessing,  
Trembling now,  
Contrite bow,  
Take the offer'd blessing.



2 Sinner come,  
While there's room,  
While the feast is waiting;  
While the Lord,  
By his word,  
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner, come,  
Lo, the tomb  
Opens wide before thee!  
See death stand—  
Lift his hand,  
Waiting to devour thee.

4 Sinner, come,  
Ere thy doom  
Shall be seal'd for ever;  
Now return,  
Grieve and mourn,  
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

---

**109****7's.**

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live;  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands,  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 Christ, your Saviour, asks you why?  
 He who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.  
 Will you let him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Woo'd you to embrace his love:  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

**110****7's.**

- 1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest?  
 Is thy bosom void of fear?  
 Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?  
 Speaks not conscience in thine ear?
- 2 Can this world afford thee bliss?  
 Can it chase away thy gloom?  
 Flattering, false, and vain it is;—  
 Tremble at the worldling's doom.
- 3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd,  
 Long delay'd to seek thy God;

Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd,  
 Woo'd though by a Saviour's blood.

4 Think, O, sinner, on thy end;  
 See the judgment day appear!  
 Thither must thy spirit wend;  
 There thy righteous sentence hear.

5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,  
 To a Saviour's blood apply;  
 He alone can make thee whole;  
 Fly to Jesus,—sinner, fly!

---

**111**

7s.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?  
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
 Can thy heart or hands endure  
 In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!  
 Awful terrors clothe his brow!  
 For his judgment stand prepared,  
 Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,  
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee;  
 Solid mountains melt like wax,  
 What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?  
 You that glory in your shame,  
 Will you find a place to hide  
 When this world is wrapp'd in flame?

- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!  
    Soon we must resign our breath,  
    And our souls be call'd to pass  
    Through the iron gate of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,  
    Listen to the gospel voice;  
    Seek the things that are above;  
    Scorn the world's pretended joys.
- 

**112**

L. M.

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,  
    Now is the time to make your choice;  
    Say, will you be for ever blest,  
    And with the glorious Jesus rest?
- 2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?  
    Will you with Christ forever reign?  
    Say, will you to mount Zion go?  
    Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,  
    Obey the gospel's joyful sound;  
    Come, go with us, and you shall prove  
    The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,  
    Compared to our celestial joys,  
    Like momentary dreams appear;  
    Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
- 5 O, must we bid you all farewell;  
    We bound to heaven, and you to hell?

Still God may hear us while we pray,  
And change you, ere that burning day.

- 6 Once more we ask you in his name,  
We know his love remains the same;  
Say, will you to mount Zion go?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 

### 113

- 1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee!  
Black clouds are gathering fast!  
In awful power thy God has come,  
Thy days of mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!  
Red flames are bursting round;  
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,  
How shakes the trembling ground!
- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!  
Behold the Judge appears;  
Unnumber'd millions throng around,  
Raised from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!  
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom;  
Destruction opens wide for thee,  
Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay—the vision lingers;  
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?  
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits,  
This hour to Jesus fly.

**114**

- 1 O CARELESS sinners come,  
Pray now attend,  
This world is not your home,  
It soon will end:  
Jehovah calls aloud,  
Forsake the thoughtless crowd;  
Pursue the road to God,  
And happy be.
- 2 No happiness you'll find,  
While thus you go,  
No peace unto your mind,  
But pain and wo  
Attend you every day,  
While far from God you stray,  
O sinner, come away,  
And ever live.
- 3 How many calls you've had!  
I call again:  
How can you be so bad,  
So full of sin,  
As to refuse that voice  
Which calls you to rejoice,  
In making heaven your choice,  
And shunning hell.
- 4 Nor do I call alone;  
The Saviour, too,  
Even with his dying groans,  
Cries, Bid adieu

To all your lovers now,  
And to his sceptre bow,  
And he will tell you how  
To live anew.

5 But if you will refuse,  
Down, down you'll go,  
And with the wicked choose  
The road to wo;  
Alas! how can you slight  
The rays of gospel light,  
And sink in endless night,  
Where silence reigns.

6 I bid you all farewell  
With aching heart,  
And in deep sorrow tell  
That we must part,  
While on to heaven we go,  
And you are bound to wo,  
Alas! it must be so,  
If you rebel.

7 I look on you again,  
And hoping, say,  
Why don't you leave your sin,  
And come away  
From Satan's cruel power,  
And live forevermore,  
And bless the joyful hour  
That life begun.

## 115

L. M. D.

- 1 YOUNG people, all attention give,  
While I address you in God's name;  
You who in sin and folly live,  
Come, hear the counsel of a friend:  
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,  
I've ranged th' alluring scenes of life,  
But never found substantial joys  
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 2 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,  
And swept my load of guilt away;  
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,  
And led me in his own right way;  
And now with trembling sense I view,  
Huge billows roll beneath your path,  
While death eternal waits for you  
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 3 Think of the soul where vengeance reigns?  
It sinks in groans and ceaseless cries,  
It moves amidst the burning flames  
In boundless woes and agonies.  
There swallow'd up in blackest night,  
Where devils dwell and thunders roar,  
To sink in keen despair and guilt,  
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
- 4 O fellow youth! this is the state  
Of all who do free grace refuse;  
And soon with you 'twill be too late  
The way of life in Christ to choose:



Come, lay your carnal weapons by,  
No longer fight against your Lord;  
And with my mission now comply,  
And heaven shall be your great reward.

---

**116**

6 &amp; 4

- 1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls!  
Ye wanderers come;  
O, ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?
  - 2 To-day the Saviour calls!  
O, listen now.  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.
  - 3 To-day the Saviour calls!  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of vengeance falls;  
Ruin is nigh.
  - 4 The Spirit calls to-day!  
Yield to his power:  
O, grieve him not away;  
'Tis mercy's hour.
- 

**117**

11s.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner draw near!  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee,  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?  
A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning  
blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee  
to-day;  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass  
away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take its  
sad flight;  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—  
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens  
shall fade;  
The dead, small and great, in the judgment  
shall stand;  
What power, then, O sinner! shall lend  
thee its aid?

---

118

## 1st.

- 1 O, THERE will be mourning, mourning,  
mourning, mourning,  
O there will be mourning at the judgment  
seat of Christ.

- Parents and children there will part,  
Will part to meet no more.
- 2 O, there will be mourning, &c.  
Wives and husbands there will part,  
Will part to meet no more.
- 3 O, there will be mourning, &c.  
Brothers and sisters there will part,  
Will part to meet no more.
- 4 O, there will be mourning, &c.  
Friends and neighbours there will part,  
Will part to meet no more.
- 5 O, there will be mourning, &c.  
Pastors and people there will part,  
Will part to meet no more.
- 6 O, there will be mourning, &c.  
Devils and sinners there will meet,  
Will meet to part no more.
- 

**119****7 & 6.**

- 1 SINNER, hath a voice within  
Oft whisper'd to thy soul,  
Bid thee leave the ways of sin,  
And yield to God's control?
- 2 Hath it met thee in the path  
Of earthly vanity,  
Pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warn'd thee now to flee?

- 3 Sinner, 'twas a heavenly voice;  
The Spirit's gracious call,  
Bade thee make a better choice,  
And seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Hear the call to life and light;  
Regard the warning kind:  
If that call thou always slight,  
Thou mercy ne'er shalt find.
- 5 Soon thy season will be o'er,  
Thy Spirit cease to strive;  
Thy slumbers he will break no more;  
His love then do not grieve.
- 6 Sinner, should this very day  
Thy last of mercy be!  
Shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
Hope ne'er may beam on thee.
- 

**120****7 & 6.**

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
Before you farther go—  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting wo?

**CHORUS.**

Be entreated now to stop!  
Unless you warning take,  
Ere you are aware you'll drop  
Into the burning lake!

- 2 Hell beneath is gaping wide,  
And waits the dread command,  
Soon to stop your sport and pride,  
And sink you with the damn'd.
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
And drag you to the bar;  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
Will fill you with despair.
- 4 All your sins will round you crowd,  
Of bloody crimson die,  
Each for vengeance crying loud,  
And what can you reply?
- 5 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose?  
Fear you not his iron rod,  
With which he breaks his foes?
- 6 Can you stand in that great day,  
When judgment is proclaim'd,  
When the earth shall melt away,  
Like wax before the flame?
- 7 Though your heart were made of steel,  
Your forehead lined with brass,  
God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass.
- 8 Sinners then in vain will call,  
Who now despise his grace,  
'Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
And hide us from his face.'

- 9 But as yet there is a hope,  
That you may mercy know;  
Though his arm is lifted up,  
He still forbears the blow.
- 10 It was for sinners Jesus died,  
Sinners he calls to come;  
None who come shall be denied,  
He says, 'There yet is room:'
- 

**121**

7s.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;  
See his body, mangled—rent,  
Cover'd with a gore of blood:  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!  
Murdered God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Drove the nails that fixed him there,  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;  
Made his soul a sacrifice,  
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain,  
Still to death pursue your Lord;  
Open tear his wounds again,  
Trample on his precious blood?  
No! with all my sins I'll part,  
Saviour, take my broken heart.

**122**

L. M.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,  
Haste to the supper of your Lord;  
Be wise to know your gracious day,  
All things are ready, come away;
  - 2 Ready the Father is to own  
And welcome his returning son,  
Ready the gracious Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands;
  - 3 Ready the Spirit from above  
To fill the broken heart with love,  
T' apply and witness Jesus' blood,  
And wash and seal you sons of God.
  - 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate;  
Tuning their harps by which they praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 

**123**

C. M.

- 1 ALL ye who laugh and sport with death,  
And say, there is no hell;  
The gasp of your expiring breath  
Will send you there to dwell.
- 2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,  
With strange surprise you'll find  
Immortal vigour spring afresh,  
And tortures wake the mind!

- 3 Then you'll confess, the frightful names  
Of plagues you scorn'd before,  
No more shall look like idle dreams,  
Like foolish tales no more.
- 4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,  
With flames upon your tongues,  
When you exchanged your souls away  
For vanity and songs.
- 

**124**

S. M.

- 1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,  
The awful Judge appear,  
Prepared to scan with strict account,  
My blessings wasted here.
- 2 His wrath like flaming fire,  
Burn'd to the lowest hell—  
And in that hopeless world of wo,  
He bade my spirit dwell.
- 3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,  
While yet 'tis called to-day;  
Soon will the awful voice of death  
Command your souls away.
- 4 Soon will the harvest close—  
The summer soon be o'er—  
And soon, your injur'd angry God  
Will hear your prayers no more.



## 125

C. M.

- 1 AH! who can speak the vast dismay  
That fills the sinner's mind,  
When torn by death's strong hand away,  
He leaves his all behind!
- 2 Worldlings, who cleave to earthly things,  
But are not rich to God,  
Will feel that death is full of stings,  
And hell a dark abode.
- 3 Dear Saviour, make us timely wise,  
Thy gospel to attend;  
That we may live above the skies,  
When time and life shall end.

## 126

C. M.

- 1 FAR from the utmost verge of day  
Those gloomy regions lie,  
Where flames amid the darkness play—  
The worm shall never die.
- 2 The breath of God—his angry breath  
Supplies and fans the fire;  
There sinners taste the second death,  
And would—but can't expire.
- 3 Conscience, the never dying worm,  
With torture gnaws the heart;  
And wo and wrath, in every form,  
Is now the sinner's part.

- 4 Sad world indeed! ah, who can bear  
For ever there to dwell—  
For ever sinking in despair  
In all the pains of hell!
- 

**127**

C. M.

- 1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,  
Hear, all ye sons of men;  
For Christ the Saviour hath declared,  
‘Ye must be born again.’
- 2 Whate’er might be your birth or blood,  
The sinner’s boast is vain;  
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
‘Ye must be born again.’
- 3 Our nature’s totally depraved—  
The heart a sink of sin;  
Without a change we can’t be saved;  
‘Ye must be born again.’
- 4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,  
And breathe on sinners slain:  
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,  
That we are born again.
- 

**128**

7s.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,  
When—the death-shades o’er thee spread,—  
Thou hast finished earth’s career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

- 2 When the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might;  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part?  
When the good with joy are crowned,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
Quickly to the Saviour fly;  
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,  
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

---

**129**

8, 7, 4.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,  
Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls;  
Hear, O sinner!—  
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering  
O'er the path you dare to tread;  
Hark! the awful thunders rolling

Loud, and louder o'er your head;—

Turn, O sinner!—

Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,

Seek his mercy while you may;

Soon the day of grace is over;

Soon your life will pass away;—

Haste, O sinner!—

You must perish—if you stay.



## PENITENT.

**130**

8, 7, 4.

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,

Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;

By the broken law convicted,

Through the cross behold the crown!

Look to Jesus!

Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it,

Love will make obedience sweet;

Christ will give you strength to bear it,

While *his* wisdom guides your feet

Safe to glory,

Where his ransomed captives meet.

- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
Light to newly-opened eyes!  
Or full springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the rest the cross supplies;  
All who taste it,  
Shall to rest immortal rise.
- 4 Blessed are the eyes that see him;  
Blest the ears that hear his voice;  
Blessed are the souls that trust him,  
And in him alone rejoice;  
His commandments  
Then become their happy choice.
- 5 [But to sing the rest of glory,  
Mortal tongues far short must fall;  
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,  
But it soars beyond them all;  
Faith believes it; Hope expects it;  
Love desires it;  
But it overwhelms them all.]

---

131

L. M.

- 1 'COME unto me, ye weary, come!  
Ye heavy-laden, cease to roam!  
I will refresh the weary breast,  
And give the labouring spirit rest.'
- 2 Sweet word! it calms my troubled soul;  
It bids my sorrows cease to roll;  
Smiles like the rainbow on the deep,  
And hushes all my woes to sleep.

- 3 Here at thy feet 'tis good to be,  
Thy word to hear, thy face to see;  
Thy freedom's easy yoke to wear;  
Thy burden of thy love to bear.
- 4 Saviour, thy promise I believe.  
Nor ever would thy presence leave,  
But seek, upon thy gentle breast,  
The foretaste of eternal rest.
- 

**132**

7s.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome! sinner, here;  
Hang not back through shame or fear;  
Doubt not, nor distrust the call;  
Mercy is proclaimed to all.
- 2 Welcome, to the offered peace;  
Welcome, prisoner, to release.  
Burst thy bonds; be saved; be free;  
Rise and come—He calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome, weeping penitent;  
Grace has made thy heart relent:  
Welcome, long estranged child;  
God in Christ is reconciled.
- 4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,  
Springing from the sacred mount;  
Welcome to the feast divine,  
Bread of life, and living wine.
- 5 All ye weary and distressed,  
Welcome to relief and rest.

All is ready: hear the call:  
There is ample room for all.

- 6 None can come that shall not find  
Mercy called whom Grace inclined,  
Nor shall any willing heart  
Hear the bitter word, Depart!
- 7 Oh, the virtue of that price,  
That redeeming sacrifice!  
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,  
Welcome to the sacred fold.
- 

**133**

L. M.

- 1 I LEFT the God of truth and light;  
I left the God who gave me breath,  
To wander in the wilds of night,  
And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke  
Was light and easy to be borne;  
Through all his bonds of love I broke,  
I cast away his gifts with scorn.
- 3 [I dreamed of bliss in pleasure's bowers,  
While pillowing roses stayed my head;  
But serpents hissed among the flowers;  
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.]
- 4 [In riches when I sought for joy,  
And placed in sordid gains my trust,  
I found that gold was all alloy,  
And worldly treasures fleeting dust.]

- 5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,  
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,  
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?  
Eternal Justice, from thine eye?
- 6 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,  
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;  
The Sun of Righteousness appears  
In Jesus' reconciling face.
- 7 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,  
I dare not, if I would despair;  
None ever perished at thy feet,  
And I will lie for ever there.
- 

**134**

7s.

- 1 JESUS, save my dying soul;  
Make the broken spirit whole;  
Humbled in the dust I lie;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,  
Now reveal thy smiling face;  
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,  
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known,  
Thou art righteous, thou alone:  
All my help is from thy cross;  
All beside I count but loss.
- 5 Lord, in thee I now believe;  
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?



Helpless at thy feet I lie;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.

---

**135**

C. M.

- 1 OH, injured Majesty of heaven!  
Look from thy holy throne:  
A prostrate rebel owns, with grief,  
The treasons he hath done.
  - 2 How shall I lift these guilty eyes  
To my offended Lord?  
Or how beneath his heaviest frown,  
Pronounce one murm'ring word?
  - 3 While love its grateful anthem swells,  
Tears mingle with the song;  
My heart with tender anguish bleeds  
That I such grace should wrong.
  - 4 Remorse and shame my lips have seal'd,  
But oh, my Father, speak;  
And all the harmony of heaven  
Shall through the silence break.
- 

**136**

C. M.

- 1 OH for that tenderness of heart  
That bows before the Lord:  
That owns how just and good thou art,  
And trembles at thy word!
- 2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears,  
Which from repentance flow!

That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears  
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give,  
For sin, the deep distress,  
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,  
And bid me go in peace.

4 Oh fill my soul with faith and love,  
And strength to do thy will;  
Raise my desires and hopes above;  
Thyself to me reveal.

---

137

S. M.

1 OH, where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh!  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
And evermore undone!
- 

**138**

7s.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,  
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;  
Hear, oh hear my ardent cry;  
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,  
Chief of sinners I have been:  
Oft abused thee to thy face,  
Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart  
Pierce this broken bleeding heart;  
Justly might thy angry breath  
Blast me in eternal death.
- 4 But with thee may still be found  
Balm to heal my every wound;  
Soothe, oh soothe this troubled breast;  
Give the weary wand'rer rest.
- 

**139**

P. M.

- 1 BEFORE thy awful throne,  
Now, Lord, in dust we lie;  
And all our guilt bemoan  
In tears of agony:

Thy law is right,  
That sends the soul  
To weep and howl  
In endless night.

2 For sinners did'st thou die,  
To ransom them from wo?  
THEY raised their hands on high,  
THEY gave the deadly blow:  
Ours is that stain:  
Christ for our guilt  
His blood has spilt,  
By sinners slain.

3 And can he still forgive?  
May rebels hear his voice,  
Repenting, turn and live,  
And taste of heavenly joys?  
Our souls shall bow,  
Our hearts shall break,  
Our tongues shall speak,  
Our tears shall flow.

4 O Lord, we will believe;  
Apply thy pard'ning blood;  
Our guilty souls receive,  
And wash them in that flood;  
We will be thine  
This blessed hour,  
And evermore  
Our souls resign.

**140**

- 1 RICH from the river of life flow the streams  
of salvation;  
Free as the beams of the sun, is the wide  
invitation:  
Whoso will come, shall receive  
Joys that no mortal can give.
- 2 Mercy is ready, its mantle of love to spread  
o'er you;  
Grace hath to-day laid the feast of the gospel  
before you:  
God keeps your life from the grave,  
Waiting your spirit to save.
- 3 O, then, ye wanderers! repent and return to  
the Saviour;  
Gladly accept the rich offers of kindness and  
favour;  
Who will the Spirit obey?  
Who will seek Jesus to-day?

**141**

---

7s.

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace has power alone  
To subdue a heart of stone;  
And the moment grace is felt,  
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucified,  
Two transgressors with him died;  
One, with vile, blaspheming tongue,  
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,  
In the very jaws of death;  
Perished, as too many do,  
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touched with grace,  
Saw the danger of his case,  
Faith received to own the Lord,  
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
- 5 'Lord,' he prayed, 'remember me,  
When in glory thou shalt be.'  
'Soon with me,' the Lord replies,  
'Thou shalt rest in Paradise.'
- 6 This was wondrous grace, indeed,  
Grace bestowed in time of need!  
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,  
You shall find him still the same.
- 

**142**

8, 8, 6.

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go;  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
'The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink to endless wo.'
- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It poured its curses on my head,  
I no relief could find;

This fearful truth increased my pain,  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
And whelm'd my tortured mind.

- 3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast, oppressive load:  
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,  
'The sinner must be born again,  
Or drink the wrath of God.'
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
How Jesus conquered Death and Hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare;  
Yet, when I found this truth remain,  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The gracious Saviour passed this way,  
And felt his pity move;  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.
- 

**143****11 & 10.**

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:  
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell  
your anguish,  
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot  
heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
'Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot  
cure.'

---

**144**

C. M.

- 1 AND have I measur'd half my days,  
And half my journey run,  
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,  
Nor yet my work begun?
- 2 The morning of my life is past;  
The noon is almost o'er;  
The night of death approaches fast,  
When I can work no more.
- 3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,  
'Thyself unseen, unknown,  
In mercy help my unbelief,  
And melt my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,  
The long-sought blessing give,  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold thy face, and live.

---

**145**

L. M.

- 1 TREMBLING before thine awful throne,  
O Lord, in dust, my sins I own;  
Justice and Mercy for my life  
Contend!—Oh, smile and heal the strife.



- 2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul  
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—  
His voice proclaims my pardon found—  
Seraphic transport wings the sound.
  - 3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—  
The new-born joy of sin forgiven!  
Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
Ye angels! never dimm'd your sight.—
- 

## 146

L. M.

- 1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin;  
I now would flee to thine embrace;  
Open thine arms and take me in!
- 2 The stone to flesh do thou convert;  
And all my guilt and sin remove;  
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,  
And melt it by thy dying love.
- 3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
And kindle my relentings now;  
Fill all my soul with filial fears:  
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow.
- 4 O, give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at th' approach of sin;  
A godly fear of sin impart;  
Implant and root it deep within!

**147**

7s.

- 1 PILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,  
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;  
There, till mercy let thee in,  
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
  - 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;  
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;  
Watch—till heavenly light appear;  
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
  - 3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee  
In this world can now remain?  
Seek that world from which shall flee  
Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain.
  - 4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;  
Shame shall never enter there;  
Tears be wip'd from every eye;  
Pain in endless bliss expire.
- 

**148**

C. M.

- 1 MY conscious guilt is now so great,  
If I attempt to pray,  
The tempter tells me yet to wait,  
Or frights my soul away.
- 2 In painful doubt what course to try,—  
I fear this long delay,—  
And must I linger here and die,  
Asham'd to ask the way?

- 3 Ye Christian pilgrims, can ye tell  
A stranger to the road,  
The way that leads to Zion's hill,  
To find a pard'ning God?
- 

149

C. M.

- 1 WE wander in a thorny maze,  
A vale of doubts and fears;  
A night, illum'd with sickly rays,  
A wilderness of tears:  
We wander, bound to empty show,  
The slaves of boasted will;  
We wander, dupes to hope untrue,  
And love to wander still.
- 2 We wander—while unfading joy  
We ne'er with zest approve;  
The bliss, that sparkles to destroy,  
Secures our warmest love.  
Some syren leads our steps astray,  
But speaks no peace within;  
We wander in a flow'ry way,  
We wander, heirs of sin!
- 3 We wander, but though oft we roam,  
Led by allurements strong;  
Yet from our heavenly Father's home,  
We would not wander long!  
Cleanse us, O Saviour! from this stain,  
In mercy's living flood;

Restore the lost, and bring again  
The wand'ers back to God.

---

**150**

S. M.

- 1 AH whither shall I go,  
    Burden'd, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
    And pour out my complaint?  
My Saviour bids me come,  
    Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home;  
    And yet from him I stay.
- 2 What is it keeps me back,  
    From which I cannot part?  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
    Possession of my heart?  
Some cursed thing unknown  
    Must surely lurk within;  
Some idol which I will not own,  
    Some secret, bosom sin:
- 3 Jesus, the hindrance show,  
    Which I have fear'd to see;  
Yet let me now consent to know  
    What keeps me out of thee!  
Searcher of hearts, in mine  
    Thy trying pow'r display:  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
    And take the veil away!

- 4 I now believe, in thee  
Compassion reigns alone:  
According to my faith, to me  
O let it, Lord, be done!  
In me is all the bar,  
Which thou wouldst fain remove;  
Remove it, and I shall declare,  
That God is only love.
- 

151

S. M.

- 1 AND can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?  
Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
And own thee conqueror!
- 2 Though late I all forsake,  
My friends, my all resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine!  
Come and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove:  
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
With all thy weight of love.
- 3 My one desire be this,  
Thine only love to know:

To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below;  
My life, my portion thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art,  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter and keep my heart!

---

## 152

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know:  
If thou withdraw thyself from me!  
Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labour to secure  
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy pow'r:  
Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,  
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes;  
O let me now receive that gift;  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou can'st not let me die,  
O speak and I shall live!  
And here I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy spirit give.

- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice  
    Could they but see thy face:  
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
    And taste thy pard'ning grace!
- 

**153**

S. M.

- 1 O THAT I could repent!  
    O that I could believe!  
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,  
    The rock in sunder cleave!
- 2 Saviour and Prince of peace,  
    The double grace bestow;  
Unloose the bands of wickedness,  
    And let the captive go:
- 3 For thine own mercy's sake,  
    The hindrance now remove;  
And into thy protection take  
    The pris'ner of thy love.
- 4 This is thy will, I know,  
    That I should holy be;  
Should let my sins this moment go,  
    This moment turn to thee:
- 5 O might I now embrace,  
    Thine all-sufficient pow'r!  
And never more to sin give place,  
    And never grieve thee more!

154

L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!  
O that I could at last submit,  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would; but thou must give the pow'r:  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;  
Appear in my poor heart, appear;  
My God, my Saviour, come away!



**155**

7s.

- 1 WHY not now, my God, my God?  
Ready if thou always art,  
Make in me thy mean abode,  
Take possession of my heart:  
If thou can'st so greatly bow,  
Friend of sinners, why not now?
  - 2 God of love, in this my day,  
For thyself, to thee I cry;  
Dying if thou still delay,  
Must I not forever die?  
Enter now thy poorest home:  
Now, my utmost Saviour, come.
- 

**PARTING.**

---

**156**

C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the dear uniting love  
That will not let us part;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
But we are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
We wait his will to know,  
That we in his right steps may tread,  
And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside;

Nothing desire, nor aught esteem  
But Jesus crucified.

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his beloved embrace;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.

---

**157**

C. M.

- 1 LORD, when together here we meet,  
And taste thy heavenly grace,  
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,  
That we must part again,  
O let thy gracious presence still  
With every soul remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with 'the cords of' love,  
Till we, around thy glorious throne,  
Shall joyous meet above.

---

**158**

8's.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquer'd by love!  
It fastens our souls in such ties  
As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a Paradise lost:

- It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts all united in love:  
Where Jesus has gone, we shall be,  
In yonder bright mansions above.
- 4 O, why then so loath now to part?  
Since we shall ere long meet again;  
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,  
And join with the angels above,  
And, leaving these bodies of clay,  
Unite with our Jesus in love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign;  
We all his bright glory shall see,  
And sing, 'Hallelujah, Amen:'  
Amen, even so let it be.
- 

**159**

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,  
I have no home nor stay with you,  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world can view:  
Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
My loving friends, farewell.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;

I leave you here and travel on,  
Till I arrive where Jesus is:  
Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
To you I'm bound in cords of love;  
Yet we believe his gracious word,  
That soon we all shall meet above:  
Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,  
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;  
You've counted all things here but dross—  
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given:  
Fight on, fight on, fight on,  
The crown shall soon be given.

5 Farewell, ye younger saints of God,  
Sore conflicts yet may wait for you;  
Yet, dauntless, keep the heavenly road  
Till Canaan's happy land you view:  
Farewell, &c.

6 Farewell, poor, careless sinners, too,  
It grieves my heart to leave you here;  
Eternal vengeance waits for you—  
O turn and seek salvation here:  
O turn, O turn, O turn  
And seek salvation here.

---

**160****8 & 7.**

1 **WHEN** forced to part from those we love,  
If sure to meet to-morrow,

We still a pang of anguish prove,  
And feel a touch of sorrow.

2 But who can paint the briny tears  
We shed when thus we sever,  
If forced to part for months, for years,  
To part—perhaps for ever!

3 But if our thoughts are fix'd aright,  
A cheering hope is given,  
Though here our prospects end in night,  
We meet again in heaven.

4 Yes, if our souls are raised above,  
'Tis sweet when thus we sever,  
Since parting in a Saviour's love,  
We part to meet for ever.

---

## 161

7s.

1 WHEN shall we all meet again?  
When shall we all meet again?  
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,  
Oft shall wearied love retire,  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls;  
And in fancy's wide domain,  
There shall we all meet again.

- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.
- 

**162**

L. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friends, a short farewell,  
Till we shall meet again above  
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,  
And trees of life bear fruits of love.
- 2 There glory sits on ev'ry face;—  
There friendship smiles in ev'ry eye;  
There shall our tongues proclaim the grace,  
That led us homeward to the sky.
- 

**TIME.****163**

S. M.

- 1 THE present moment flies,  
And bears our life away,  
O, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
- 2 Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken, by thy almighty power,  
The aged and the young.

- 3 One thing demands our care—  
O, be it still pursued!  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.
- 4 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light;  
Lest life's young golden beam should die  
In sudden, endless night.
- 

**164**

C. M.

- 1 THE time is short! the season near  
When death will us remove;  
To leave our friends, however dear,  
And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners, beware,  
Nor trifle time away;  
The word of great salvation hear,  
While it is called to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye rebels now  
To Christ the Lord submit;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short! ye saints, rejoice—  
The Lord will quickly come:  
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—  
The hour is just at hand,

When we shall mount above the skies,  
And reach the wished-for land.

6 The time is short! the moment near  
When we shall dwell above,  
And be for ever happy there,  
With Jesus, whom we love.

---

**165****5 & 11.**

1 COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear!  
His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

2 Our life as a dream,  
Our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;  
The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone:  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

3 O that each in the day  
Of his coming may say,  
'I have fought my way through,  
I have finished the work thou didst give me  
to do!'



O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
'Well and faithfully done!

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'

---

**166**

10s.

- 1 I ASK'D an aged man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary  
hairs;  
'Time is the warp of life,' he said, "O tell  
The young, the fair, the gay to weave it  
well!"
- 2 I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled,  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd  
'Time sowed the seeds we reap in this  
abode!'
- 3 I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the stroke  
Of ruthless death life's 'golden bowl had  
broke;  
I ask'd him, what is time? 'Time,' he replied,  
'I've lost it. Ah, the treasure!' and he died!
- 4 I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and  
years;  
They answered, 'Time is but a meteor's  
glare,'  
And bade me for eternity prepare.

- 5 I ask'd the seasons in their annual round,  
Which beautify, or desolate the ground;  
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)  
'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest  
prize!
- 6 I ask'd a spirit lost; but, O the shriek  
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I  
speak!  
It cried, 'A particle! a speck! a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite!'
- 7 Of things inanimate, my dial I  
Consulted, and it made me this reply,  
'Time is the season fair of living well;  
The path to glory, or the path to hell.'
- 8 I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,  
'Thine is the present hour, the past is fled;  
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet,  
On any human being, rose or set!'
- 9 I ask'd old father Time himself at last;  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;  
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.
- 10 I ask'd the mighty angel, who shall stand,  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:  
'By heaven's great King, I swear the mys-  
tery's o'er!  
'Time was,' he cried,—'but time shall be no  
more!'

**167**

S. M.

- 1 NOW is the accepted time—  
Now is the day of grace:—  
Now, sinners, come without delay  
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,  
The Saviour calls to-day;—  
Pardon and peace he freely gives;  
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time;  
The gospel bids you come;  
And every promise in his word,  
Declares, 'there yet is room.'
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love:—  
Then will the angels clap their wings,  
And bear the news above.
- 5 Assembled round his throne,  
They shall his face behold;  
And sing of all his dying pains,  
Whose love can ne'er be told.

---

**168**

S. M.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand;  
And, if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by thy almighty power  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;  
Oh, be it still pursued—  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To *Jesus* may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young golden beam should die  
In sudden, endless night.
- 

**169**

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, awake, my sluggish soul,  
Awake, and view the setting sun;  
See how the shades of death advance,  
Ere half the task of life is done.
- 2 Death!—'tis an awful, solemn sound;  
Oh, let it wake the slumb'ring ear!  
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,  
With all his pale companions near.

- 3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be closed,—  
    'These friendly warnings heard no more;  
    Soon will the mighty Judge approach,  
    E'en now he stands before the door.
- 4 To-day attend his gracious voice;  
    This is the summons that he sends:  
    'Awake,—for on this transient hour  
    Thy long eternity depends.'
- 

## 170

## 8 &amp; 7.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,  
    Dry and wither'd to the ground:  
    Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
    In a sad and solemn sound:  
    'Sons of Adam (once in Eden  
    When like us, he blighted fell)  
    Hear the lecture we are reading,  
    'Tis, alas, the truth we tell.
- 2 'Virgins, much, too much presuming  
    On your boasted white and red,  
    View us late in beauty blooming,  
    Number'd now among the dead:  
    Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,  
    Gay in health, and many a grace,  
    Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
    Summer gives to autumn place.

- 3 'Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay;  
Thus we preach this truth concerning—  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.'  
On the tree of life eternal,  
Man, let all thy hopes be staid;  
Which alone for ever vernal  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.
- 

171

C. M.

- 1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,  
Why heaves the secret sigh?—  
'Tis that I mourn departed days,  
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved,  
My anxious thoughts employed;  
And time unhallowed, unimproved,  
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair  
Chase from my lab'ring breast,  
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,  
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine!  
And when thy sure decree  
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,  
O speed my soul to thee.

## 172

## 7 &amp; 6.

- 1 AS flows the rapid river,  
With channel broad and free,  
Its waters rippling ever,  
And hasting to the sea,  
So life is onward flowing,  
And days of offered peace,  
And man is swiftly going,  
Where calls of mercy cease.
- 2 As moons are ever waning,  
As hastes the sun away,  
As stormy winds, complaining,  
Bring on the wintry day,  
So fast the night comes o'er us—  
The darkness of the grave—  
And death is just before us—  
God takes the life he gave.
- 3 Say, gay one, is thy treasure  
Laid up in worlds above?  
And is it all thy pleasure  
Thy God to praise and love?  
Beware, lest death's dark river  
Its billows o'er thee roll;  
And thou lament for ever  
The ruin of thy soul.
- 

## 173

## S. M.

- 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,  
That bears us to the sea!—

The tide which hurries thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers! where are they,  
With all they called their own?—  
Their joys and griefs—and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honour—gone!

3 God of our fathers, hear,  
Thou everlasting Friend!  
While we as on life's utmost verge  
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them, in the land of light,  
We dwell before thy face.

---

## 174

C. M.

1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour—  
How soon the vapour flies!  
Man is a tender, transient flower,  
That e'en in blooming—dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs;  
But while we weep o'er comforts fled,  
And mourn our withered joys;

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore



Shall rise in full, immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.

- 4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears—  
Thy Saviour dwells on high;  
There everlasting spring appears—  
There joys shall never die.
- 

## CHRISTIAN.

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175

7s.

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top, I see  
God descend in majesty,  
To proclaim his holy law,  
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,  
At the too-transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God, in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.—
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away:

Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

---

**176**

7s.

- 1 ONCE I was estranged from God;  
Paths of sin perverse I trod;  
To the Blest resolved to be,  
Without cause, an enemy.
  - 2 Now to God I'm reconciled;  
For his love on me hath smiled  
In the death of Christ his Son,  
And my stubborn heart is won.
  - 3 Soon shall I behold his face,  
In his friendship heaven possess;  
Perfect made in purity,  
God in holiness to see.
  - 4 Blessed be thou, God of love,  
Mercy sending from above:  
Grateful let me ever be,  
And a faithful friend to thee.
- 

**177**

L. M.

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark! Hark! to God the chorus breaks  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks:  
It is the star of Bethlehem!
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose:  
It was the star of Bethlehem!
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever, and for evermore,  
The star—the star of Bethlehem!
- 

**178**

8, 8, 6.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me!

- 2 Stronger his love, than death and hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable:  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see:  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
This only portion, Lord, be mine!  
Be mine this better part!
- 4 O that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet;  
Be this my happy choice:  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the bridegroom's voice!
- 

**179****8 & 7.**

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
All thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesus! thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart;

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
    Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
    Let us find thy promised rest;  
Take away the love of sinning,  
    Alpha and Omega be;  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
    Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
    Let us all thy grace receive!  
Suddenly return, and never,  
    Never more thy temples leave!  
Thee we would be always blessing;  
    Serve thee as thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;  
    Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation;  
    Pure, unspotted, may we be;  
Let us see our whole salvation  
    Perfectly secured by thee;  
Changed from glory into glory,  
    Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
    Lost in wonder, love and praise.
- 

180

7s.

- 1 WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,  
    Pity in his bosom reigned;

Sympathy he loved to show,  
Nor the meanest suit disdained.

2 Round him thronged the blind, the lame,  
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed;  
None in vain for healing came,  
All the Saviour freely blessed.

3 He could make the leper whole;  
Thousands at a meal he fed;  
Winds and waves could he control;  
By a word he raised the dead:

4 Listening sinners round him pressed  
Whilst he taught the way to bliss;  
Even enemies confessed,  
'No man ever spake like this.'

5 Be thy love to me revealed;  
Be thy grace by me possessed;  
Touch me, and I shall be healed;  
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

---

**181**

8, 7.—7, 7.

1 ONE there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend,  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end:  
They who once his kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
    Could, or would have shed his blood;  
But the Saviour died to have us  
    Reconciled in him to God.  
    This was boundless love indeed!  
    Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,  
    Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
    He rejoices in the same:  
    Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
    And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!  
    Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
    What a friend we have above:  
    But, when home our souls are brought,  
    We shall love thee as we ought.
- 

182

C. M.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground:  
    We seek that promised soil;  
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
    While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
    And oft are bathed in tears;  
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,  
    And naught but sin our fears.

- 3 We tread the path our master trod;  
We bear the cross he bore;  
And every thorn that wounds our feet,  
His temples pierced before.
- 4 Our powers are oft dissolved away  
In ecstasies of love;  
And, while our bodies wander here,  
Our souls are fixed above.
- 5 We purge our mortal dross away,  
Refining as we run;  
But, while we die to earth and sense,  
Our heaven is here begun.
- 

## 183

L. M.

- 1 'WE'VE no abiding city here:'  
This may distress the worldly mind;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 'We've no abiding city here:'  
Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
'We seek a city yet to come.'
- 3 'We've no abiding city here:'  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 'We've no abiding city here:'  
We seek a city out of sight;



- Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Oh sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!  
Had I the pinions of the dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do his will be mine;  
And his to fix my time of rest.
- 

## 184

C. M.

- 1 LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows;  
Its beauty never dies;  
On earth among the saints it grows,  
And ripens in the skies.
- 2 Oh what a garden will be seen,  
When all the flowers of grace  
Appear in everlasting green  
Before the Planter's face!
- 3 No more exposed to burning skies,  
Or winter's piercing cold;  
What never-dying sweets will rise  
From every opening fold!
- 4 No want of sun or showers above,  
To make the flowers decline;  
Fountains of life and beams of love,  
For ever spring and shine.

- 5 No more they need the quickening air,  
Or gently rising dew;  
Unspeakable their beauties are,  
And yet for ever new.
- 6 Christ is their shade, and Christ their sun;  
Among them walks the king,  
Whose presence is *eternal noon*,  
His smile *eternal spring*.
- 

## 185

## C. M.

- 1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest wo  
So sweet a message bear,  
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find  
A frown of anger there.
- 2 It needs our hearts be weaned from earth;  
It needs that we be driven,  
By loss of every earthly stay,  
To seek our joys in heaven.
- 3 And what is sorrow, what is pain,  
To that eternal care  
That breaks the conscious heart for sin,  
When sin is hated there?
- 4 Kind, loving, is the hand that strikes  
However keen the smart,  
If sorrow's discipline can chase  
One evil from the heart.
- 5 He was a man of sorrows—He  
Who loved and saved us thus;

And shall the world that frowned on him,  
Wear only smiles for us?

- 6 No! we must follow in the path  
Our Lord and Saviour run;  
We must not find a resting-place  
Where He we love had none.
- 

186

C. M.

- 1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,  
And wanders unconfined,  
Amid the boundless scene of things,  
Which entertain the mind;
- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,  
In search of sacred rest!  
The whole creation is too poor,  
Too mean to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ  
Each flattering specious wile:  
There's naught can yield a real joy,  
But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,  
Unworthy of the mind;  
In God alone, this restless heart  
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,  
To whom my wishes tend!  
Do not these wishes rise from thee,  
And in thy favour end?

**187**

C. M.

- 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart  
Which bows before the Lord,  
Acknowledges how just thou art,  
And trembles at thy word!  
O for those humble contrite tears  
Which from repentance flow,  
That consciousness of guilt, which fears  
The long suspended blow!
- 2 Saviour, to me in pity give  
The sensible distress,  
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,  
And bid me die in peace!  
Wilt from the dreadful day remove  
Before the evil come,  
My spirit hide with saints above,  
My body in the tomb.
- 

**188**

7s.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,  
Glorify thyself in me;  
Meekly beaming in my face,  
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,  
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;  
Fix my thoughts on things above,  
Stay my heart on thee alone.

- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned  
To thy will—thy will be done!  
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path he trod,  
Die with Jesus on the cross,  
Rise with him to thee, my God.
- 

189

C. M.

- 1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,  
Shall tell its joys abroad;  
And march with holy vigour on,  
Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life,  
His hand hath been my guide:  
And, in that long experienced care,  
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,  
An unexhausted stream:  
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,  
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth  
These distant courts I love;  
But O! I burn with strong desire  
To view thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,  
My soul would there adore;

A pillar in thy temple fixed,  
To be removed no more.

---

**190****7s.**

- 1 WHAT though downy slumbers flee,  
Strangers to my couch and me?  
Sleepless, well I know to rest,  
Lodged within my Father's breast.
- 2 He, in night's serenest hours,  
Guides my intellectual powers,  
And his Spirit doth diffuse,  
Sweeter far than midnight dews.
- 3 Lifting all my thoughts above,  
On the wings of faith and love;  
Blest alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep or wake with thee!
- 4 What if beams of opening day  
Shine around my breathless clay?  
Brighter visions from on high  
Shall regale my mental eye.
- 5 Tender friends awhile might mourn  
Me from their embraces torn;  
Dearer, better friends I have  
In the realms beyond the grave.
- 6 See, the guardian angels nigh  
Wait to waft my soul on high!  
See the golden gates displayed!  
See the crown to grace my head!

- 7 See a flood of sacred light,  
Which no more shall yield to night!  
Transitory world, farewell!  
Jesus calls with him to dwell.
- 8 With thy heavenly presence blest,  
Death is life, and labour rest;  
Welcome sleep or death to me,  
Still secure, for still with thee.
- 

**191**

7s.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father! God of love!  
Look with mercy from above;  
Let thy streams of comfort roll,  
Let them fill and cheer my soul.
- 2 Love celestial, ardent fire!  
O extreme of sweet desire!  
Spread thy bright, thy gentle flame,  
Swift o'er all my mental frame.
- 3 Sweet affections flow from hence,  
Sweet above the joys of sense;  
Let me thus for ever be  
Full of gladness, full of thee.
- 

**192**

7, 6.

- 1 TO thee, my God and Saviour,  
My soul exulting springs;  
Rejoicing in thy favour,  
Almighty King of kings.

I'll celebrate thy glory,  
With all the saints above;  
And tell the pleasing story  
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses  
Bedecks the dewy east,  
And when the sun reposes  
Upon the ocean's breast—  
My voice in supplication  
Well pleased thou shalt hear:  
Oh, grant me thy salvation,  
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life, supported,  
I'll pass the dangerous road,  
By heavenly hosts escorted,  
Up to their bright abode;  
There cast my crown before thee,  
When all my woes are o'er;  
And day and night adore thee—  
What can an angel more?

---

**193**

L. M.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;  
But all who hope to enter there,  
Must here that holy course begin  
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God! in us create;  
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;



Commence we now that higher state,  
Now do thy will as angels do.

- 3 A life in heaven! O what is this?  
The sum of all that faith believed:  
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,  
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.
- 4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms, powers,  
And saints made perfect triumph thus,  
A goodly heritage is ours,—  
There is a heaven on earth for us.
- 5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,  
The spirit teaching by the word!  
In those our Saviour's steps we trace:  
By this his living voice is heard.
- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,  
Learn every lesson of his love!  
And be from grace to glory led,  
From heaven below to heaven above.
- 

**194****L. M.**

- 1 **WHEN** lost in wonder, I behold,  
Yon azure starr'd with shining gold;  
Or on the moon's soft lustre gaze,  
As through the spangled heavens she strays:
- 2 Warmed by devotion's hallowed fire,  
Oh! may my soul to heaven aspire;  
To him, whose powerful word we know,  
Gave these resplendent orbs to glow:

- 3 They heard, involved in central night,  
The great command, 'Let there be light!'  
They heard, and at the joyful sound,  
Unnumbered planets blazed around.

---

195

7s.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found:  
Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O, receive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave;  
Mine, the God whom you adore;  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain and loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;  
Welcome poverty and cross.  
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour!  
'Follow me!' I know thy voice;  
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see:  
Now I take thy yoke by choice,  
Light's thy burden now to me.

## 196

## 8 &amp; 7.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shall be;  
Perish, every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain,  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favour loss is gain.  
I have called thee Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on thee;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweetest rest.

O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me,  
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
- 

**197****C. M.**

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear;  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood;

Who fix'd his languid eyes on me  
As near his cross I stood.

- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to change me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 [Alas! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain.]
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
'I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die, that thou mayst live.'
- 7 Thus while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
(Such is the mystery of grace,)  
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 [With pleasing grief and mournful joy,  
My spirit now is fill'd;  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.]

## 198

## 7 &amp; 6.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole;  
There is but one Physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul:  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatch'd me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me  
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light, compared with sin;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within:  
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness all combined,  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing  
I sought a cure to gain;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain.  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost;  
Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician  
(How matchless is his grace!)  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case:

First gave me sight to view him,  
For sin mine eyes had seal'd;  
Then bade me look unto him;  
I look'd—and I was heal'd.

- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by an eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death:  
Come, then, to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give;  
He makes no hard condition—  
'Tis only, 'Look and live.'
- 

**199**

L. M.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man;  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding-place!
- 2 Against the God that built the sky  
I fought with hands uplifted high;  
Despised the mansions of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light,  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding-place!
- 4 But, lo! the eternal counsel ran,  
'Almighty love, arrest the man;'

- I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;  
But justice cried, with frowning face,  
This mountain is no hiding-place.
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,  
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;  
Who led me on a pleasing pace  
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.
- 7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,  
Which must have sunk a world to hell;  
He bore it for his chosen race,  
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 

**200**

7s.

- 1 SAVED by grace, I live to tell  
What the love of Christ has done:  
He redeem'd my soul from hell,  
Of a rebel made a son;  
O, I tremble, still to think  
How secure I lived in sin;  
Sporting on destruction's brink,  
Yet preserved from falling in.
- 2 In a kind propitious hour,  
To my heart the Saviour spoke;  
Touch'd me by his Spirit's power,  
And my dangerous slumber broke.



Then I saw and own'd my guilt;  
Soon my gracious Lord replied,  
'Fear not, I my blood have spilt,  
'Twas for such as thee I died.'

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,  
All at once possess'd my heart:  
Can I hope thy grace to prove  
After acting such a part?  
'Thou hast greatly sinn'd,' he said,  
'But I freely all forgive;  
I myself thy debt have paid,  
Now I bid thee rise and live.'

4 Come, my fellow-sinners, try;  
Jesus' heart is full of love;  
O that you, as well as I,  
May his wondrous mercy prove;  
He has sent me to declare  
All is ready, all is free;  
Why should any soul despair,  
When he saved a wretch like me.

---

**201**

8s.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me;

The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice:  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind:  
While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:  
Or take me to thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

202

7 &amp; 6.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above:  
And from that flowing fountain,  
Drink everlasting love?  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus,  
Drink endless pleasures in?
  - 2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before,  
He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er;  
And since he has proved faithful,  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.
  - 3 Through grace, I am determined  
To conquer, though I die;  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love, I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you all adieu;  
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.
  - 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
O cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.
- 12

Gird on the heavenly armour  
Of faith, and hope, and love;  
Then, when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

---

**203**

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

**CHORUS.**

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.  
Home, home, &c.

- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;

Though now my temptations like billows  
may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at  
home.

Home, home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my  
day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy  
face;

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy  
throne,

And find even now a sweet foretaste of  
home.

Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my  
home.

**204**

C. M.

- 1 MY soul, arise in joyful lays,  
Renounce this earthly clod;  
Tune all thy powers to sweetest praise,  
And sing thy gracious God.
- 2 When in my heart his heavenly love  
He sweetly sheds abroad,  
How joyfully he makes me prove  
He is my gracious God.
- 3 In all my trials here below,  
I'll humbly kiss his rod,  
For this through grace I surely know,  
He's still my gracious God.
- 4 In all the ways through which I've pass'd,  
And all the paths I've trod,  
It ever has appear'd at last,  
He's still my gracious God.
- 5 When in my last departing hour,  
I pass through death's cold flood;  
Upheld by sovereign love and power,  
I'll sing my gracious God.
- 6 And when he shall my spirit bring  
To heaven, my bless'd abode,  
There in eternity I'll sing,  
Thou art my gracious God.

205

11s.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,  
Temptation without, and corruption within:  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the  
tomb,  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom:  
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his  
God;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to  
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the  
soul.

---

**206**

5, 6, 9.

- 1 HOW happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above;  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favour divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart it believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
The angels could do nothing more,  
Than fall down at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all his salvation might see!



He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love  
I was carried above  
All sin, and temptation, and pain;  
And I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,  
Freely justified I,  
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:  
My soul mounted higher  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O, the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possess'd,  
I was perfectly bless'd,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

---

**207**

13s.

1 THE glorious light of Zion is spreading far  
and wide,  
And sinners they are coming into the gospel  
tide,

The standard of King Jesus in glorious  
triumph flies,  
And sinners crowd around it with joy and  
sweet surprise.

2 The sufferings of our Saviour upon Mount  
Calvary  
Are sounding sweet to sinners, come, this will  
make you free;  
And now the glorious message is circulating  
round,  
Some souls exposed to ruin, redeeming love  
have found.

3 And of that happy number I hope that I am  
one,  
And Jesus he will finish the work he has  
begun:  
He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll  
for ever be  
A monument of mercy through all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert who lately did  
enlist,  
A soldier under Jesus, my Captain, King and  
Priest;  
I have received my bounty, likewise my  
martial dress,  
A ring of love and favour, a robe of righteous-  
ness.

- 5 Then down into the water where the young  
    converts go  
To serve their Lord and Master, in righteous  
    acts below,  
I'll lay my sinful body beneath the yielding  
    wave,  
An emblem of my Saviour when he lay in  
    the grave.
- 6 Ah! sinners, think what Jesus has done for  
    you and me;  
Behold his precious body hang bleeding on the  
    tree,  
His bleeding head, his hands, his side, to you  
    he doth display,  
O then, my fellow-sinners, how can you stay  
    away?
- 7 And now my elder brethren, who're soldiers  
    of the cross,  
Who, for the sake of Jesus, have counted all  
    things dross;  
Come, pray for us young converts, that we  
    may travel on,  
And meet you all in glory, where our Re-  
    deemer's gone.
- 

**208****8 & 7.**

- 1 **WHITHER** goest thou, pilgrim stranger,  
    Wandering through this gloomy vale?

Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,  
And will not thy courage fail?  
No! I'm bound for the kingdom;  
Will you go to glory with me?  
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,  
Travelling through this lonely void;  
But no ill shall e'er befall me,  
While I'm bless'd with such a Guide.  
O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,  
Hence for thee my fears arise;  
If some guardian hand defend thee,  
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes:  
O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen; but still believe me,  
Such a Guide my steps attend;  
He'll in every strait relieve me,  
He will guide me to the end:  
For I am bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,  
Darkly rolling through the vale;  
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,  
Would not then thy courage fail?  
No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,  
To its brink my steps I'll bend;

Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;  
There my pilgrimage will end.  
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

- 7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,  
Down the vale she plunged from sight;  
Gazing still, I saw her rising,  
Like an angel clothed in light!  
O, she's gone to the kingdom,—  
Will you follow her to glory?  
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.
- 

**209**

7s.

- 1 I SHALL suffer and fulfil  
All my Father's gracious will;  
Be in all alike resigned;  
Jesus' is a patient mind.
- 2 When 'tis deeply rooted here,  
Perfect love shall cast out fear;  
Fear doth servile spirits bind;  
Jesus' is a noble mind.
- 3 When I feel it fixed within,  
I shall have no mind to sin;  
How shall sin an entrance find;  
Jesus' is a spotless mind.
- 4 I shall nothing know beside  
Jesus, and him crucified;  
I shall all to him be joined:  
Jesus' is a loving mind.

- 5 I shall triumph evermore,  
Gratefully my God adore:  
God so good, so true, so kind;  
Jesus' is a thankful mind.
- 6 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,  
I shall to the end endure;  
Be no more to sin inclined;  
Jesus' is a constant mind.
- 7 I shall fully be restored  
To the image of my Lord,  
Witnessing to all-mankind,  
Jesus' is a constant mind.
- 

**210**

7s.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
Perfectly resigned to thee?  
Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
Only in thy wisdom wise.
- 2 Only thee content to know,  
Ignorant of all below:  
Only guided by thy light!  
Only mighty in thy might!
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,  
Let him as he listeth blow:  
Let the manner be unknown,  
So I may with thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express,  
All the heights of holiness:

Sweetly let my Spirit prove,  
All the depths of humble love.

---

**211**

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, united by thy grace,  
And each to each endeared:  
With confidence we seek thy face  
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear thine easy yoke,  
A band of love, a three-fold cord,  
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree;  
And ever tow'rds each other move,  
And ever move tow'rds thee.
- 4 To thee inseparably joined,  
Let all our spirits cleave:  
O may we all the loving mind  
That was in thee receive!
- 5 This is the bond of perfectness;  
Thy spotless charity;  
O let us still, we pray, possess  
The mind that was in thee!
- 6 Yet when the fullest joy is given,  
The same delight we prove;  
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,  
Our All in All is love.

**212**

7s.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree;  
Show thyself the Prince of Peace:  
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,  
Every stumbling block remove;  
Each to each unite, endear;  
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful and kind;  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,  
Each the other's burden bear:  
To thy church the pattern give;  
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us all in God abide;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above;  
On the wings of angels fly;  
Show how true believers die.



**213**

8 &amp; 6.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode:  
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure:  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross shall wear the crown.
- 4 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see;  
The beatific sight:  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

---

**214**

C. M.

- 1 BY faith we find the place above,  
The rock that rent in twain,

Beneath the shade of dying love,  
And in the cleft remain.

2 Jesus, to thy blest arms we flee:  
We in thy love confide!  
Assured that all who trust in thee,  
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound,  
The fiercest lightnings glare;  
The mountains melt, the solid ground  
Dissolve as liquid air.

4 The huge celestial bodies roll,  
Amidst the general fire;  
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,  
And in the smoke expire.

---

**215**            7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.

1 STAND th' omnipotent decree!  
Jehovah's will be done!  
Nature's end we wait to see,  
And hear her final groan;  
Let this earth dissolve, and blend  
In death the wicked and the just;  
Let those ponderous orbs descend,  
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man,  
At his Redeemer's beck,  
Sure to emerge and rise again,  
And mount above the wreck:

Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,  
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,  
 Triumphs in immortal powers,  
 And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,  
 By worlds on worlds destroyed;  
 Far beneath his feet he views,  
 With smiles the flaming void,  
 Sees this universe renewed,  
 The grand millennial year begun:  
 Shouts with all the sons of God  
 Around th' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope,  
 To be at last restored,  
 Yield we now our bodies up,  
 To earthquake, plague, or sword;  
 List'ning for the call divine,  
 The latest trumpet of the seven,  
 Soon our souls and dust shall join,  
 And both fly up to heaven.

---

**216**

L. M.

1 OH, could I find some peaceful bower,  
 Where sin has neither place nor power;  
 This traitor vile I fain would shun,  
 But cannot from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,  
 He stands between my God and me;

- Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,  
To view the heights of Jesus' love;  
This monster seems to mount the skies,  
And veils his glory from my eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,  
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;  
I long to dwell in heaven my home,  
Where not one sinful thought can come.
- 

**217**

C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word:—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart:—
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.

- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love.
- 

**218**

8s.

- 1 HOW blest is our brother bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind;  
How easy the soul that has left  
This wearisome body behind!  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see,  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.
- 2 This earth is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain;  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again;  
No anger henceforward, or shame,  
Shall redden his innocent clay;  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanished away.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest;  
Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
This quiet, immovable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more;  
This heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain;  
It ceases to flutter and beat—  
It never shall flutter again.

- 4 The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Sealed up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep;  
These fountains can yield no supplies—  
These hollows from water are free:  
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.
- 5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
And press to the issues of death.  
What now with my tears I bedew,  
Oh, shall I not shortly become!  
My spirit created anew,  
Ere I am consigned to the tomb!
- 

**219**

C. M.

- 1 O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,  
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love

Come brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above?

- 4 Then sorrow touched by thee, grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light,  
We never saw by day.
- 

**220**

C. M.

- 1 OUR souls, by love together knit,  
Cemented, mix'd in one,  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have often burned within,  
And glow'd with sacred fire,  
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,  
And filled th' enlarged desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,  
The heavens are big with rain;  
We haste to catch the teeming shower,  
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!  
But pour a mighty flood;  
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
And set'st thy starry crown;  
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
Proclaimed by thee thine own;

- 6 May we, a little band of love,  
We sinners saved by grace,  
From glory unto glory changed,  
Behold thee face to face.
- 

**221**

S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 

**222**

7s.

- 1 JESUS, to thy wounds I fly,  
Purge my sins of deepest die,  
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Wash away my crimson stain.
- 2 Plunge me in the sacred flood,  
In that fountain of thy blood;  
Then thy Father's eye shall see  
No one spot of guilt in me.



**223**

P. M.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying friend:  
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye;  
Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze:  
Love I much! I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace!
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.  
May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know!

**224**

C. M.

- 1 THE days how few, how short the years,  
Of man's too rapid race!

- Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,  
A shorter in its place!
- 2 Since vain all here, all future—vast,  
Embrace the lot assign'd;  
Heaven wounds to heal, its frowns are friends,  
Its strokes severe, most kind.
- 3 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world  
By strong and endless ties,  
And every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.
- 4 When heaven would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantment end,  
It takes the most effectual means,  
And robs us of a friend;
- 5 Resign—and all the load of life  
That moment you remove;  
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares  
Devolve on ONE above;
- 6 Who bids us lay our burden down  
On his Almighty hand,  
Softens our duty to relief,  
To blessing a command!
- 

**225**

C. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN profuse of every bliss!  
Good-will immense prevails:  
Man's line can't fathom its profound;  
An angel's plummet fails.

- 2 When backward with attentive mind,  
Life's labyrinth I trace,  
I find him far myself beyond  
Propitious to my peace:
- 3 Through all the crooked paths I trod,  
My folly he pursu'd;  
My heart astray, to quick return  
Importunately woo'd.
- 4 Sometimes he led me near to death,  
And pointing to the grave,  
Bade terror whisper kind advice,  
And taught the tomb to save.
- 5 O for that summit of my wish,  
Whilst here I draw my breath,  
That promise of eternal life,  
A glorious smile in death!
- 6 O for a clean and ardent heart!  
O for a soul on fire!  
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound  
Where angels strike the lyre!
- 

**226**

L. M.—SIX LINES.

- 1 I KNOW thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;  
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end:  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

- 2 The Sun of righteousness on me  
Hath risen, with healing in his wings;  
Wither'd my nature's strength; from thee  
My soul its life and succour brings:  
My help is all laid up above;  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;  
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And as a bounding hart fly home,  
Through all eternity to prove,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 

**227**

7s.

- 1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in wo,  
Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,  
Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe:  
Faint not—much doth yet remain,  
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians—will ye yield?  
Will ye quit the painful field?  
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,  
Nor your foemen rally more.

## 228

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinners ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free,  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Let us obey—we then shall know,  
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n,  
Anticipate our heaven below,  
And own that love is heav'n.

## 229

L. M.—SIX LINES.

- 1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow beneath the rod;  
To HIM, with penitence I mourn:  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the throne of love.

- 2 O Jesus, full of pard'ning grace:  
More full of grace than I of guilt;  
Yet once again I seek thy face,  
Whose precious blood for man was spilt;  
Oh! freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the dying sinner still.
- 3 Now give me, Lord, the tender heart  
That trembles at th' approach of sin;  
A godly fear to me impart;  
Implant and root it deep within:  
That I may know thy sovereign power,  
And never dare offend thee more.

---

230

## 5 &amp; 7.

- 1 FORGIVE my folly,  
O Lord, most holy,  
Cleanse me from every stain:  
For thee I languish;  
Pity my anguish,  
Nor let my sighing be vain.
- 2 Deeply repenting,  
Sorely lamenting,  
All my departures from thee:  
And now returning,  
Thine absence mourning,  
Lord, show thy mercy to me.
- 3 Sinful, unworthy,  
Trembling before thee,  
Here at thy cross will I kneel;

Thy love once bleeding,  
Now interceding,  
Shall with the Father prevail.

- 4 Through thy rich merit,  
By thy free Spirit,  
Comfort my desolate soul:  
Heavenly Physician,  
In kind compassion,  
Now bid the wounded be whole.

---

**231**

C. M.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,  
Without a false disguise?  
Have I renounced my sins, and left  
My refuges of lies?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain?  
Or is it formed anew?  
What is the rule by which I walk,  
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,  
My real state to know!  
If I am wrong—oh set me right!  
If right—preserve me so!

---

**232**

C. M.

- 1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or thy disciple be?

- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And make me truly bold;  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
  - 3 Let mockers scoff—the world defame,  
And treat me with disdain;  
Still may I glory in thy name,  
And count reproach my gain.
  - 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my powers resign;  
Let wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I'll no more repine.
- 

**233**

7s.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy—can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me!  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hear his gracious calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Yet how great his mercies are!  
Me he still delights to spare;  
Cries—‘How shall I give thee up?’  
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 Jesus, answer from above:  
Is not all thy nature love?



Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—  
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

- 5 Now incline me to repent!  
Let me now my fall lament!  
Deeply my revolt deplore!  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 

**234**

C. P. M.

- 1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;  
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,  
Surrender all to thee:  
Against thy terrors long I strove,  
But who could stand against thy love?—  
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,  
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,  
I still had stubborn been:  
But mercy has my heart subdued,  
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,  
And now, I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;  
Come, take possession of thine own,  
For thou hast set me free;  
Released from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers in waiting stand,  
To be employed by thee.

**235**

C. M.

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me!
  - 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne!  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
  - 3 A lowly and believing heart,  
Abhorring every sin;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.
  - 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of LOVE.
- 

**236**

L. M.

- 1 DEAR Jesus—when—when shall it be,  
That I no more shall break with thee?  
When will this war of passion cease,  
And I enjoy a lasting peace?
- 2 Here I repent, and sin again;  
Sometimes revive—sometimes am slain;  
Slain with the same malignant dart,  
Which, oh! too often wounds thy heart.

- 3 When, gracious Lord—when shall it be,  
That I shall find my all in thee—  
The fulness of thy promise prove.  
And feast on thine eternal love?
- 

**237**

6 &amp; 4.

- 1 MY faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary;  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh! let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh! may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove;  
Oh! bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul.
- 

**238**

C. M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

- 6 Through all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:  
But oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!
- 

**239**

7s.

- 1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet!  
When the saints together meet,  
When the Saviour is the theme,  
When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move:  
He beheld the world undone,  
Loved the world—and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love;  
How he left the realms above,  
Took our nature, and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;  
With our wretched hearts he strove;  
Filled our minds with grief and fear,  
Brought the precious Saviour near.
- 5 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,  
Where the saints in glory meet;  
Where the Saviour's still the theme,  
Where they see and sing of him.

**240**

8 &amp; 7.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love;  
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,  
Lonely through night's deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high,  
In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never—never die!
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,  
Sickness there no more can come;  
There, no fear of wo intruding  
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the graves of those you love;  
Far removed from pain and anguish,  
They are chanting hymns above.

**241**

C. M.

- 1 THE blooming flowers of summer pass  
With all their charms away;  
The fragrance of the vernal grass  
Ends with the vernal ray.
- 2 Yet deep within the sheltering root  
The mystic life resides,

Maturing strength for future fruit,  
While winter's might abides.

3 So life's bright scenes with us may end,  
So outward graces fade;  
So with the dust our glories blend,  
Our light be changed to shade:

4 Yet in the grave these forms of earth  
Shall purge their native mould,  
And spring again—by heavenly birth—  
And fairer powers unfold.

5 Oh dread not then the flow of time;  
For heaven, thy home, prepare;  
So shalt thou rise in form sublime,  
And meet thy Saviour there.

---

**242**

C. M.

1 SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas, must die.

2 Sweet Rose! in air whose odours wave,  
And colour charms the eye;  
The root is even in its grave,  
And thou, alas, must die.

3 Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,  
Whose charms for beauty vie;  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,  
Thou too, alas, must die.

- 4 Only a sweet and holy soul  
Hath tints that never fly;  
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,  
This lives, and cannot die.

**243**

S. M.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our bless'd Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God;  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given,  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.



# INDEX.

---

	Page
AH whither shall I go . . .	130
Ah who can speak . . .	111
Almighty Father, God . . .	24
All ye who laugh . . .	109
Am I an Israelite indeed . . .	205
Amid displays of wrath . . .	23
And can I yet delay . . .	131
And dost thou say . . .	42
And have I measured . . .	126
Approach my soul . . .	47
As flows the rapid river . . .	149
As o'er the past . . .	148
As the dew from heaven . . .	60
Attend, O Lord . . .	89
Awake, awake . . .	146
Awaked by Sinai's . . .	124
BEFORE thy awful throne . . .	121
Behold a stranger . . .	91
Behold the throne . . .	42
Blest be the dear . . .	135
Blest Jesus! when . . .	70
Blest Lord! behold . . .	18

By faith we find . . . .	191
By whom shall Jacob . . . .	18
COME, all who love . . . .	48
Come, let us anew . . . .	142
Come, my soul . . . .	46
Come on, my partners . . . .	191
Come, O thou traveller . . . .	39
Come unto me ye weary . . . .	115
Come thou almighty King . . . .	58
Come ye disconsolate . . . .	125
Come ye souls . . . .	114
Creator, Spirit! by whose aid . . . .	36
Cease, ye mourners . . . .	212
DARK brood the heavens . . . .	99
Daughter of Zion, awake . . . .	26
Daughter of Zion, from . . . .	16
Dear Saviour, attend . . . .	68
Delay not, delay not . . . .	117
Dear Jesus—when . . . .	208
Depth of mercy . . . .	206
Didst thou, dear Saviour . . . .	205
Distant Lord, from . . . .	57
FAREWELL, dear friends . . . .	140
Farewell, dear friends . . . .	137
Father I stretch my hands . . . .	132
Far from utmost . . . .	111
Father of eternal grace . . . .	39, 162

From every stormy wind	. . .	48
From Jesse's root	. . .	79
From whence doth	. . .	136
Father, we bless	. . .	62
Forgive my folly	. . .	204
Forth from the dark	. . .	61
Fount of everlasting	. . .	28
Fountain profuse	. . .	200
GOD of mercy! God	. . .	25
Go, watch and pray,	. . .	50
Go, when the morning	. . .	66
Great Lord of all	. . .	14
Great Shepherd of thine	. . .	89
HAIL sovereign love	. . .	173
Hail the blest morn	. . .	73
Hail the day	. . .	86
Hark! don't you hear	. . .	12
Hark the notes	. . .	72
Hark the song	. . .	17
Hear, O! sinner, mercy	. . .	94
Hear the royal proclamation	. . .	13
Hear, O! sinner	. . .	113
Hearts of stone, relent	. . .	108
Heavenly Father, God of love	. . .	38, 165
Hither ye faithful	. . .	73
How sweet the name	. . .	80
How sweet the melting lay	. . .	61
How swift the torrent	. . .	149

How wondrous are the works	. . .	83
Heaven is a place of rest	. . .	166
How blest is our brother	. . .	195
How happy are they	. . .	182
How lost was my condition	. . .	172
How sweet, how heavenly	. . .	194
How tedious and tasteless	. . .	175
 I ASKED an aged man	. . .	 143
I love to steal awhile	. . .	51
I left the God of truth	. . .	117
I saw beyond the tomb	. . .	110
In evil long	. . .	170
I know thee, Saviour	. . .	201
I shall suffer	. . .	187
I would not live alway	. . .	181
I love thy kingdom, Lord	. . .	214
 JESUS is gone up	. . .	 37
Jesus, save my dying soul	. . .	118
Jesus, thou art the sinner's	. . .	49
Jesus, thy love	. . .	76
Jesus, I my cross	. . .	169
Jesus, united by thy grace	. . .	189
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	. . .	190
Jesus, to thy wounds	. . .	198
 LAMB of God, whose	. . .	 54
Lamb of God, who	. . .	43
Let thy kingdom	. . .	7

Let Zion from the dust	. . .	15
Life is a span	. . .	150
Lord, when my thoughts	. . .	38
Lord, when together	. . .	136
Lord, when together here	. . .	55
Lord, thou hast won	. . .	207
Love divine, all love	. . .	154
Love is the sweetest bud	. . .	159
MESSIAH, at thy glad	. . .	80
Morn of Zion's glory	. . .	30
Most gracious God	. . .	45
My conscious guilt	. . .	128
My former hopes	. . .	23
My lovely Jesus	. . .	55
My soul arise	. . .	180
My soul triumphant	. . .	163
My faith looks	. . .	209
My soul, be on thy guard	. . .	198
'Mid scenes of confusion	. . .	178
Much in sorrow	. . .	202
NOW is the accepted time	. . .	145
Now these solemn days	. . .	27
O! CARELESS sinner come	. . .	100
O! come let us sing	. . .	91
O for a thousand tongues	. . .	203
O Thou who dry'st the mourner's	. . .	196
O! for a thousand seraph	. . .	71
O! for one celestial ray	. . .	32

O! for that tenderness	. . .	119
O! injured majesty	. . .	119
O! love divine, what	. . .	84
O! love divine, how	. . .	153
Our souls, by love together	. . .	197
Oh, could I find some peaceful	. . .	193
Oh for a heart to praise	. . .	208
Often the clouds	. . .	160
O! Jesus full of truth	. . .	127
O! that my load of sin	. . .	134
O! that I could repent	. . .	133
One there is above	. . .	156
O! God of Bethel	. . .	44
O! there will be mourning	. . .	104
O! thou whose justice	. . .	87
O! thou whose tender	. . .	60
Once I was estranged	. . .	152
Our country is Immanuel's	. . .	157
O! where shall rest	. . .	120
O! thou that hearest	. . .	34
O! Spirit of the living God	. . .	35
O! thou from whom	. . .	56
O! when I shall see Jesus	. . .	177
PEOPLE of the living God	. . .	168
Pilgrim, burdened	. . .	128
Prayer is the soul's	. . .	31
RELIGION'S form is vain	. . .	53
Rich from the river	. . .	123

SAVED by grace . . . .	174
Saved ourselves by . . . .	33
Saw ye not the cloud . . . .	20
See the leaves around us . . . .	147
Sinner, art thou still secure . . . .	97
Sinner, come . . . .	94
Sinner, hath a voice . . . .	105
Sinner, is thy heart . . . .	96
Sinners, obey the gospel word . . . .	92
Sinners, obey the gospel . . . .	109
Sinners, this solemn truth . . . .	112
Sinners, turn why . . . .	95
Spirit of holiness, descend . . . .	67
Sovereign grace, his power . . . .	123
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all . . . .	121
Stand, th' Omnipotent . . . .	192
Stop, poor sinner . . . .	106
Sweet is the prayer . . . .	67
Sweet peace of conscience . . . .	44
Sweeter sounds than music . . . .	69
Sweet Day! so cool . . . .	213
Sweet the time . . . .	211
Sweet the moments . . . .	199
TELL me, dear Saviour . . . .	82
That day of wrath . . . .	46
That warning voice . . . .	11
The day is drawing . . . .	19
The present moment . . . .	140
The day is past . . . .	63

The time is short . . . .	141
The voice of free grace . . . .	29
The Lord into his garden . . . .	6
Thy people, Lord . . . .	20
The glorious light . . . .	183
The blooming flowers . . . .	212
The days how few . . . .	199
Thou, keeper of a lovely flock . . . .	75
Thou God of sovereign grace . . . .	65
Thou Lord of all . . . .	41
Thou soft flowing Kedron . . . .	78
'Tis midnight . . . .	77
'Tis sweet to rest . . . .	81
'Tis the hour when . . . .	64
To-day if you will hear . . . .	98
To-day the Saviour calls . . . .	116
To leave my dear friends . . . .	52
To-morrow Lord is thine . . . .	145
To thee, my shepherd . . . .	74
To the cross . . . .	85
Trembling before thine . . . .	126
To thee my God . . . .	165
 WE come at evening's . . . .	 63
Welcome, welcome . . . .	116
We've no abiding city . . . .	158
We wander in a thorny maze . . . .	129
When forced to part . . . .	138
When marshalled . . . .	152
When fancy spreads . . . .	161



When my Saviour	.	.	.	.	188
When on Sinai's top	.	.	.	.	151
When shall we all meet	.	.	.	.	139
When shall the voice	.	.	.	.	25
When thy mortal life	.	.	.	.	112
When the Saviour dwelt	.	.	.	.	155
When all thy mercies	.	.	.	.	210
Weary of wand'ring	.	.	.	.	203
We were lost	.	.	.	.	34
While mercy invites	.	.	.	.	10
While thee I seek	.	.	.	.	57
Whither goest thou	.	.	.	.	185
Why not now	.	.	.	.	135
Why sleep we	.	.	.	.	3
Why will ye waste	.	.	.	.	93
With reverend awe	.	.	.	.	21
What though downy slumbers	.	.	.	.	164
When lost in wonder	.	.	.	.	167
YE careless professors	.	.	.	.	4
Ye servants of God	.	.	.	.	9
Ye sons of earth	.	.	.	.	22
Young people, all	.	.	.	.	102

THE END.













